

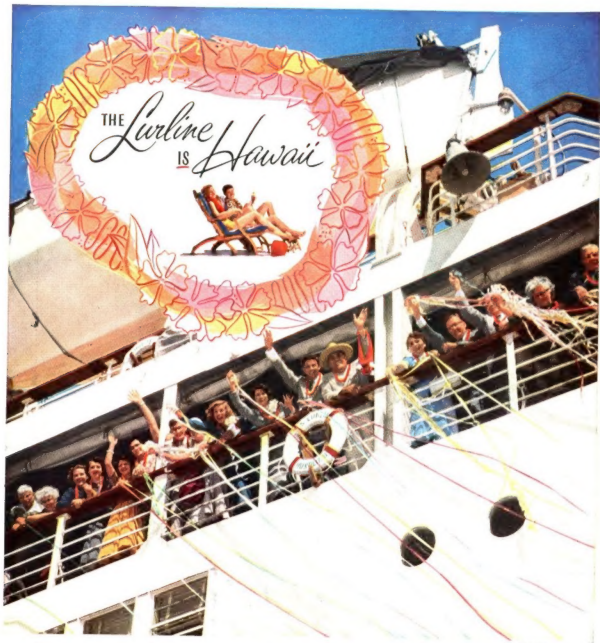
TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



TREASURY SECRETARY GEORGE HUMPHREY

"You can't set a hen in the morning and have chicken salad for lunch."



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Cascades of color tumble from the deck... the serpentine breaks... then, with Island songs voicing the promise of Hawaii, the LURLINE gently moves into the setting sun. The shore line disappears... and you soon discover Hawaii's special charm is everywhere on this lovely liner. You see it in the soft, strange beauty of the LURLINE... you sense it in the gaiety and friendliness of ship sports and parties,

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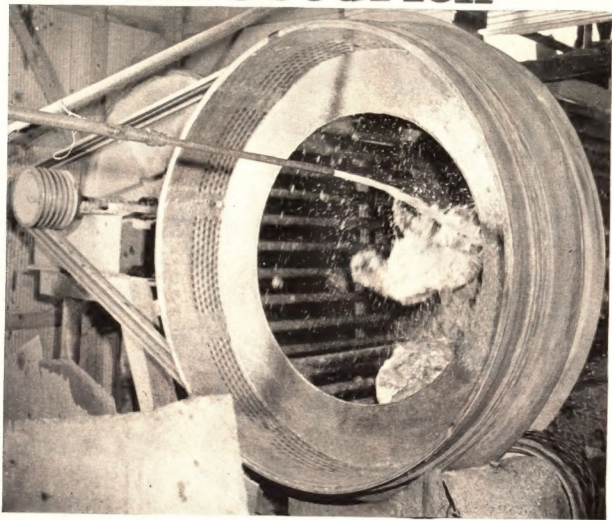
For the finest travel, the LURLINE...
for the finest freight service, the
Matson cargo fleet... to and from Hawaii.

THE LURLINE SAILS FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES ALTERNATELY

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



2-foot rocks will some day be glass

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

THAT cage-like contraption spins like a top all day long, breaking big rocks into little ones. The rock is a special kind used in making glass. The chunks are sometimes 18 or 24 inches thick.

But just picture the jar every time another load of boulders is dumped in, and the shock to the V belts used to turn the breaker. The jolting action caused ordinary belts to wear out too soon—usually after only two months' work. An entirely new kind of belt was needed, one that could stand shocks and strain.

The owner had heard about the grommet belt developed by B. F. Goodrich to give V belt users more for their money. A *grommet* is a cord loop inside the belt. It is made like a giant twisted cable except that it's endless—no splices or overlaps. The grommets make it a flexible belt but one that stands shocks and heavy loads far better than ordinary belts. No other kind of belt has grommets; no other belt stands so much punishment or lasts so long.

The B. F. Goodrich grommet belts were installed, and last 30% longer than any other belt ever used before.

This performance is typical, not an unusual case at all. It's the result of a policy at B. F. Goodrich—the policy of constant product improvement, of never considering a product "good" enough. If you use rubber belting, hose or other industrial rubber goods, it will pay you to check with your BFG distributor before you buy to see if you, too, can save money because of B. F. Goodrich research. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY



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OVERTURE TO "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL": Here's all the witty and ironical wit of Sheridan's comedy. Also the dramatic music for a scene from *SMELLY*. The soloist is the eminent cellist, Bernard Greenhouse.

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EITHER OF THESE LONG PLAYING 12" RECORDS Yours for only \$1.00
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We Are Happy to Send You Either One of the Records Described Above for only \$1.00 to introduce these Distinguished Recordings of "200 Years of American Music" ... a Program Inaugurated by a Grant from the ALICE M. DITSON FUND OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Since the last war a great musical awakening has electrified the music-loving world—a sudden realization that the foremost music being written today is American music—and that American composers have been writing enjoyable melodies, important music for the past 200 years!

And now an outstanding musical organization has embarked on a program of creating high fidelity recordings of 200 years of American music! Every form of musical expression is included in this program—symphonic, choral, instrumental and chamber works, folk-music, theatre music... music born of the love of liberty and the love of fun, the love of good living and the love of God. Whatever your tastes—here is music for you!

HOW THIS MUSIC CAME TO BE RECORDED

Recently the directors of the renowned Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University awarded a substantial grant which made possible the founding of the American Recording Society, whose sole purpose is to record and release each month a new high-fidelity, full-frequency recording of American music, on Long Playing records.

ARE THE RECORDS EXPENSIVE?

No, to the contrary. These recordings, which are pressed for the Society by the custom department of RCA Victor, are priced below most L.P.'s of comparable quality—only \$4.95 for 10" records and \$4.95 for 12" records. The A.R.S. Philharmonic Orchestra engages the finest available artists and conductors... and all recordings are made with the latest high-fidelity equipment, and pressed in limited quantities directly from silver-plated masters.

WHAT SOME A.R.S. MEMBERS SAY

"... excellent, both as music and from the technique of recording." K.M., Troy, N.Y.

"... could not refrain from dashing off this note to report my enthusiastic satisfaction in the performance as well as to the technical excellence of the reproduction."

"They equal the top records on the market and surpass most." G.M., Germantown, Tenn.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

Your purchase of either of the Long Playing records offered above for only \$1.00 does not obligate you to buy any additional records from the Society—ever! However, we will be happy to extend to you the courtesy of an Associate Membership. Each month, as an Associate Member, you will be offered an A.R.S. recording at the special Club price. If you do not wish to purchase any particular record, you merely return the special form provided for that purpose.

FREE RECORDS OFFERED

With each two records purchased at the regular club price you will receive an additional record of comparable quality absolutely free. We urge you to mail the coupon at once since this offer is limited.

NOTE: These exclusive A.R.S. recordings are not available anywhere else—at any price!

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LETTERS

Of Flies & Men in China [Cont'd]

Sir: Henry Wilcox, in your Letters column of Jan. 5, writes on his return to America from the Communist Peace Conference in Peking, Red China, that that country "has eliminated inflation, famine, floods and flies." He says all American citizens should be encouraged to witness these phenomena.

In this benighted country of ours, where we still have inflation, floods and flies, if not famine, the question arises as to why Mr. Wilcox did not stay in Red China where everything is so lovely? Could it be that he returns as a propagandist? And what about registration as a foreign agent?

ALFRED KOHLBERG

New York City

Sir: ... Maybe "all American citizens should be encouraged to witness these phenomena." But who is discouraging them? It may be that the Communist government is afraid that they will also witness many other phenomena.

A. J. PASCHANG
Bishop of Kongmoon

Hong Kong

Sir: I love your correspondents, especially Mr. Wilcox. Ever since the Dean of Canterbury returned from China with a story of how the U.S. was using infected grasshoppers as a diabolical weapon in germ warfare against the "People's Republic," I thought the limit of human credulity had been reached. (Remember? The village kids picked up the

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January 28, 1953

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Number 4

TIME, JANUARY 26, 1953

HOW RED-BLOODED CAN YOU GET?

(A gory little story)

By Mr. Friendly



"Safety is for *tissies!*!" said cute little Pete in a voice so deep it came from his feet. "Bumps make ya tough!" the manly lad said as he slipped in the tub and cracked his manly head.

He tripped on the stairs and his toughness grew as he broke a manly arm and a manly leg or two. When the ambulance came, Mr. Friendly said, "If you get much *tougher* you'll be dead!"

Then he handed Pete's folks American Mutual's new issue of *Watch* magazine, entitled "So THEY May Live."* "This important child safety guide," he said, "Can help he-boys and she-girls avoid more than 150 dangerous accidents!"

Now Pete lives a life that is accident-free! And still he's as *be* as a *be* can be. He wrestled a bull, and drove the bull wild 'til the bull put a sign up, "BEWARE OF THE CHILD!"

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For only 15¢ (to cover mailing costs) you get fully illustrated 50¢ child safety guide! With a check list of more than 150 dangerous hazards . . . with 27 case histories of child accidents, and photos to show how to avoid them. And with a dramatic pledge for parents—send for "SO THEY MAY LIVE!" today. Institute for Safer Living of American Mutual Liability Insurance Co., Dept. D-131, 142 Berkeley St., Boston 16, Mass.



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not even
a drizzle
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plague-bearing insects with chopsticks!) At least Mr. Willcox clears up one mystery, i.e., why grasshoppers? Of course! Mao had killed the flies. Might the undersigned . . . ask why Mao did not kill the grasshoppers too? Also, just how did Mao put an end to centuries of Chinese floods? With chopsticks, again? Come now, Willcox!

LUTHER A. BRILL

Montclair, N.J.

Sir:

Henry Willcox asks us to witness a yearly 15% rise in the standard of living in a country of 400 million people with the output of few large industries available to them, and with the minimum of communication facilities to distribute these products. He has the temerity to suggest that flies have been eliminated from areas where there is no modern hygiene or sanitation . . .

"For the first time in history, half a billion people are bursting with confidence and hope." I wonder if in the course of his study of the many centuries of Chinese history, Willcox came across the name of Sun Yat-sen? Might one also enquire how long it took to interview half a billion people?

J. K. HAMPSHIRE

Pictou, Ontario

Sir:

. . . Let us admit that Mao Tse-tung has indeed succeeded in eliminating inflation, and even famine, if he has already liquidated enough millions of people to achieve that. But floods! Does the dreaded Chairman Mao have the magical power to alter, mind you, in three years, the course of the Hwang-ho, the Yangtze, and various other rivers which have been the sole cause of this natural disaster? . . .

The Chinese now are, according to Mr. Willcox, "eager for peace, eager for friendship and trade with our country." When were they not? . . .

W. R. CHU

Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

. . . "The standard of living is rising 15% each year" in China for the Communists alone, if that statement is true. He could only have accepted what the Communist propagandists had told him; otherwise, how could he have known the living conditions of the people in that vast land, not only for the present, but also for the past years, in order to make comparisons? We know only too well that the standard of living of the middle and upper classes has dropped considerably, while most of the poor still live as meagerly as ever, if indeed not worse.

S. T. TUNG

Berkeley, Calif.

Required Reading

Sir:

TIME's Senior Editor John Osborne deserves the praise of all of us serving in the front line commands in Korea for his article, "The Fighting, Waiting Eighth Army" (TIME, Dec. 22). He has so aptly caught the pulse-beat of thought of all U.S. Army personnel fighting a "forgotten war."

Osborne's article should be required reading for all American citizens.

KENNETH WILSON

2nd Lieutenant, M.S.C.

c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

Adman's Lexicon

Sir:

Add "Parker" to your lexicon of American words whose connotation has given rise to new words in far-away lands (TIME, Dec. 22). A close friend relates that in the Malayan Peninsula, products of the U.S. pen firm have been on the scene so long that the word

TIME, JANUARY 26, 1953



Ned H. Dearborn (left), president of the National Safety Council, presenting Award of Honor to Cleo F. Craig, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co.

BELL TELEPHONE COMPANIES RECEIVE HIGHEST AWARD OF NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

Bell telephone men and women are proud of the Award of Honor presented to them recently by the National Safety Council. The award was in recognition of an outstanding record for two years.

It is no accident that the communications industry leads in safety. Telephone equipment and buildings are designed for safety. And on the wall of every Bell telephone building are these words — "No job is so

important and no service is so urgent that we cannot take time to perform our work safely."

The lineman on the pole, the driver on the highway, the operator at the switchboard, the men and women in the business offices — all have tried hard to live up to this safety creed.

We're grateful for this award and we're going to keep on trying to make the record even better.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"A Good Place to Work"



THE STORY OF BOSTON'S FAMED *Parker House*

Travel Tip . . .

A New York travel agent who recently arranged a southern tour for a Boston client recommended one hotel in a certain southern city as against another in which the client had expressed an interest. To clinch his argument, the able agent stated his case in terms the Bostonian was sure to understand. Said he: "The --- Hotel is like the Parker House in Boston; not the very newest or biggest, but with a long-time reputation for the finest in food and service combined with the most modern up-to-date conveniences."

The Bostonian questioned no further. A Resemblance to the Parker House* was enough recommendation for any hotel.



BOSTON'S FAMED PARKER HOUSE
It serves as a standard for comparison

Positive Porter . . .

A Californian on his first trip East boarded a train in New York one recent midnight, troubled by the fact that he could not recall the name of the hotel at which he had been advised to stop in Boston. So strongly had the hotel been recommended that the Californian was determined to register there; he vaguely thought the name began with a "P" but no amount of brain-cudgeling helped fill in the blank. As so often happens, the elusive name kept him tossing in his berth for hours. At 3 A.M. he rang for the porter in desperation, asked what hotel in Boston had a name that began with "P". The porter took this unusual early morning request in his stride, grinningly replied "Why, sir, you must mean Boston's famous Parker House!"

The Californian sank back into a deep and restful sleep; when he entered a taxi at South Station next morning he had no difficulty in naming the hotel he wanted. Five minutes later he was signing the register, recounting to a room clerk the story of the porter's ready answer.

*Rooms begin at \$5.00. All have circulating ice-water, bath, 4-network radio.

Parker House
BOSTON
A NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION

"Parker" has appeared in their dictionary for many years. It is defined thus: "Of unquestionable quality—the best."

LEIGH ATKINSON

Chicago

Sir:

... The officers and men of the Royal Netherlands Navy use "Cola Poes" (rhymes with puss) to denote a beautiful woman. Straight translation: "Cola kittern".

J. J. LOWEY-BALL

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Sir:

... Another evidence of the power of advertising is offered here in Israel by the word "Kvack-ger," standing for breakfast cereals. This is how the word "Quaker" (for Quaker Oats) is being pronounced locally.

EMILIO TRAUBNER

Tel Aviv, Israel

Woman of the Year (Cont'd)

Sir:

... Elizabeth II is undoubtedly a lovely young lady (and Queen) full of "the significance of a fresh young blossom on roots that had weathered many a season of wintry doubt" (oh brother!), BUT—either Dwight Eisenhower, Captain Carlsen, Konrad Adenauer or Eleanor Roosevelt had a more, much more, substantial claim to the title.

FRANK G. RIVERA

Los Angeles

Sir:

Your choice was in consummate taste, and echoes what the world is yearning for.

Her very name suggests more spacious, wise and tranquil times . . . reminding us of ancient glories and serving as a bond between decent peoples in this Age of Brass.

RICHARD WINCOR

New York City

Sir:

... Your selection is preposterous . . . The only conclusion I can come to is that you want to boost up circulation in England . . . We know it as a "boring and exacting job" (as Reader Oliver states in your Dec. 8 Letters column), but the pay etc. is good and very few inhabitants of this planet would turn it down . . .

FINBARR M. SLATTERY

Dublin, Ireland

Sir:

... As just another female taxpayer, I've had my fill of your glorification of foreign pariahs.

MABLE LONGSLEY

Chicago

Sir:

... I felt that a deeper significance was lost in your great and sincere sentiment. For there are overtones of sadness in this British idealization of their lovely Queen . . . True enough, the British people have always regarded their rulers as subconscious symbols of their glory. But behind the smiles of courage and the brave, half-filled stomachs, there must be a gnawing despair in many a British heart that the light and glory of empire are growing dim . . .

P. J. CLINTON

New York City

Sir:

From an American in England, an appreciation of TIME's choice . . . Not many months ago I came here with, among other things, a slightly hostile curiosity about the meaning . . . of this business of royalty . . . Not without surprise, I found in myself the same affectionate respect for the Queen and . . . at the same time . . . I found an under-

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magnificent
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BETTER SIGHT...BETTER SOUND...BETTER BUY



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New beauty, style and luxury for the **NATIONAL** **STOCK-CAR CHAMPION***

This year treat yourself to genuine driving fun in a fabulous 1953 Hudson Hornet, the car that won the Championship in all three stock-car racing associations last year.

You'll enjoy relaxing in its deep, foam-rubber, nylon-upholstered cushions, amid the smartest interior appointments in the auto world.

You will sense complete safety in your Hornet or Wasp because exclusive "step-down" design gives the lowest center of gravity—for the

most stable, comfortable ride—among American cars.

And for flashing performance, just feel the deep-chested surge of Twin H-Power! Hudson's sensational multiple-fueling system that develops more power out of every drop of gasoline . . . power to command any situation you're likely to meet.

See your dealer soon and try a Hudson Hornet or a Hudson Wasp, the most exciting and glamorous cars on the road!

Optional at slight extra cost.

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TRIPLE STOCK-CAR
CROWN**



In 57 stock-car races held in 1952, Hudson won 49 victories—a record never approached by any other make of car. Hudson was named Champion in all three racing associations: AAA, NASCAR and PRA, and now holds every national AAA record for stock-car competition!



See the smart and spectacular new 1953 Hudson Wasp, lower-priced running mate of the Hudson Hornet.

**FABULOUS 1953
HUDSON HORNET**
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It's Good Business to

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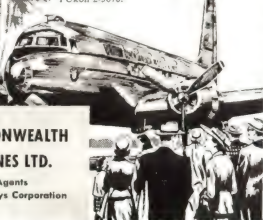
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standing of the English, perhaps the British, and what they value and will work for.

Time has, directly and implicitly, illuminated these desires and characteristics for its worldwide readers. Thanks, then, for an effective gesture toward that most necessary condition: Anglo-American understanding.

PAGE H. PORTER
Heswall, Cheshire, England

On the Grill

Sir:
No Timenthusiast, I nevertheless salute your Jan. 12 coverage of the House Judiciary Committee's grilling of that eminent fuzzv-duddy, Dean Gooderham Acheson. His weasel-words on this occasion were never more self-lamming. Your final sentence—"Never had the case for public investigation of Communist infiltration into UN, and the U.S. Government been more eloquently proved"—should have been printed in 10-point, or at least italicized. And Acheson could paste it in his Homburg.

RAY BROCK

New York City

Flivver Alphabet

Sir:
In your Jan. 5 issue, you mention that the late Edsel Ford's letter was dated 1901, which was "two years before the first Model T went into production." I am sure you will want to keep the records straight, as the Model T was not manufactured until 1908. The first Model A was manufactured in 1903, followed by other 2, 4 and 6-cylinder cars known as the Models D, F, N, S, R and K. The Model K was a big 6-cylinder job with two-speed planetary transmission, and sold for \$2,700, which was then about \$2,000 higher than . . . the little single-cylinder Cadillac . . .

FLOYD CLYMER

Los Angeles

Antisnob Snob?

Sir:
On the basis of his contribution to your Jan. 5 Letters column, I nominate Mr. Malcolm L. Storm of Toronto as the snuggest man of all time.

J. D. REEVES

San Francisco

Sir:
Has Mr. Storm, so frightfully smug in his analysis of those who write to TIME's Letters-to-the-Editor column, heard of the antisnob snob?

CHESTER V. DOLAN

New York City

Sir:
Re Mr. Malcolm L. Storm: I have but one comment to make: *Et tu, Brute!*

THOMAS RIGHTMYER

Glyndon, Md.

Sailor to Senator

Sir:
Senator McCarran . . . grossly underestimates the Communist masterminds in Moscow if he believes they are using foreign seamen with a few days' shore leave to spread the Red doctrine. . . For seven years, during war and peace, I traveled the world over as a seaman, and at no time did any country demand an individual visa—not even a passport, of an American seaman. Never, in the years I went to sea, was I subjected to such an investigation as McCarran has instituted. This goes for free countries as well as such totalitarian countries as Yugoslavia. How scared can Pat get?

JAMES K. STAUFFER

St. Louis

You don't always travel alone
when you go

Full Circle

KATE HOLLIS had a strange feeling that she had lived this day before. It was going to a pattern that was sharply familiar, sharply reminiscent of something that had happened once before. She jabbed a paring knife into the potato she was peeling and held it up and looked at it for a moment. Somehow, the potato had something to do with it.

She heard steps coming down the stairs and across the center hall and then a voice behind her. "Do I look all right, Mother?"

Kate turned and looked at her daughter as she came into the kitchen—tall and trim in a neat gray suit and checkered blouse—and then it all came back to her.

Suddenly Kate had the feeling that this was not today . . . this was not her daughter coming into the kitchen, but she herself. Yes, for an instant it seemed as if this were that day, more than twenty-five years before, when Kate had walked into the kitchen at home and said, "Do I look all right, Mother?"—because that was the day Fred Hollis was coming to dinner for a very special reason, too.



Kate Hollis forced her thoughts to return from that instant of reverie. "You look lovely, Ann. What time did you say Jim would be here?"

"In about an hour, Mother. Guess I'd better start getting things ready in the dining room, don't you think?"

There was one important difference, Kate thought after Ann had left. On that day, her own father was still alive and had spoken with Fred Hollis as any prospective father-in-law might. But today she'd have to handle this alone . . .



Alone? Well, not entirely. She recalled how helpless she had felt, at first, when her husband died eight years before. But then she found how carefully Fred had worked things out to help her make decisions such as this as the years went by.

The insurance program that he and Cliff Walters had worked out together had come to serve as a year-to-year guide. When Ann reached college age, the question had not been *whether* she could go, but simply *where*—because Fred had left a separate New York Life policy to take care of the expense.

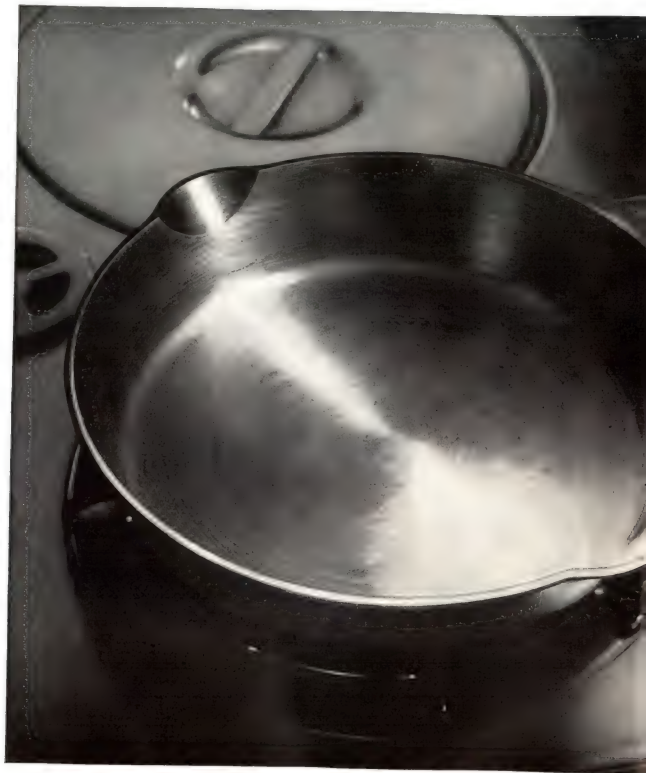
And now this new decision would be easy, too. With Ann through college, there was no reason for her not to marry Jim and start a home of her own. He was a fine, sensible boy and should do well as time went on. And Kate knew that she would never be a financial burden to them, because she had her regular checks from New York Life to take care of her. This young couple could live with the same

feeling of independence that she and Fred had had—and she knew that that was what Fred would have wanted.

Kate Hollis picked up another potato and began to peel it methodically. Yes, she thought, she had traveled full circle. And somehow it seemed to Kate that a good part of the circle had been *carefully* drawn a long, long time ago.

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Thermopane is recommended, see the quick facts below. If you have anything to do with school design, you will enjoy reading the newest, authoritative publication on school daylighting, *How to Get, Nature-Quality Light for School Children*. You can obtain a free copy from Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co., 4613 Nicholas Building, Toledo 3, Ohio.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Of TIME's total overseas circulation, more than 125,000 newsstand copies of the Latin American, Pacific and Atlantic editions are now sold by approximately 100 local distributors, three times as many as there were at the end of World War II. Recently, I heard from two of TIME's postwar distributors, describing their experiences in getting started in business after several



SALESMAN CHAIN & PARTNER
A sudden inspiration.

years of enemy occupation. Wrote K. C. Chain, TIME-LIFE distributor on the island of Formosa:

"When Formosa was liberated from the Japanese occupation in 1945, I felt that the English language should be promoted . . . in order that our people could absorb Western culture and exchange ideas with American and European countries. I had five associates with similar ideas, and we organized under the name of the Formosan Magazine Press. Our first venture was a monthly magazine in English . . . But the economic fluctuations of those days in Formosa were too much for us, and we suspended publication after ten months . . .

"Two of us, S. C. Yeh and I, visited the library of the U.S. Information Service to read some American magazines and books, and suddenly got our inspiration; we would import American magazines to Formosa . . . We chose TIME, LIFE and Reader's Digest to begin with because these three magazines are the most widely read all over the world."

"We started in October 1946 . . . But this island had been closed behind a kind of Iron Curtain by the Japanese ever since the Manchuria incident in 1931, so there were very few people with even a fair reading knowledge of English. . . . By good luck we got an excellent American professor, Mr. W. Dorland, who came to Formosa from Peking. We opened a night English school and it was an immediate success. enrolling from 300 to 400 students per month. Our magazine sales began increasing rapidly . . .

"Now we have 56 sub-distributors throughout the cities and towns of the island. Besides this, we have established

three streamlined newsstands in the capital, Taipei. . . . Our American magazine business has at present reached a total of 15,000 copies on sale per month. **TIME & LIFE** are far in the lead. We have in six years increased our sales until now they stand at 3,500 copies of **TIME** and 5,000 copies of **LIFE** per month. That, we feel, is a real achievement for all of us here in Formosa."

From across another ocean Denmark Distributor Rudolf Fardal also wrote of his first experiences with TIME. He was a distributor of Swedish newspapers and magazines, most of them banned during the German occupation. One day in 1945, he received word that a TIME Inc. representative would like to talk to him in Stockholm. To get permission to make the trip, Fardal concocted an elaborate ruse. About a year earlier, he had become the Danish representative for a paper mill in Gothenburg, Sweden. So he arranged surreptitiously to have this firm send him a letter offering to ship a large quantity of toilet paper, then badly needed in Denmark. On the strength of this offer, the Nazis permitted him to go to Sweden.

Wrote Fardal: "I made the agreement with TIME's representatives in Stockholm that I should have 15,000 copies (a considerable amount for a small country like Denmark) of the first issue of TIME published after the capitulation of the Germans . . . In May 1945, I received the ordered num-



DISTRIBUTOR FARDAL & DAUGHTER
A secret conference.

ber of the issue with Hitler's face struck out by a cross on the cover [TIME, May 7, 1945]. All were sold from a couple of kiosks in the center of Copenhagen within a few hours."

Last summer Fardal's daughter Lena worked in the TIME & LIFE offices in Paris. Since then, she has joined her father's business and is being trained to succeed him. If her business sense matches her appearance (*see cut*), the firm has a promising future.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



"I'LL BET IT'S FUN TO BE A FIREMAN!"

"WELL, Sonny, the fun wears off in a hurry. After all, we only get to ride in this job when someone's in trouble!"

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

New Leadership

History, recording this week the end of one great period of U.S. political power and the beginning of another, could write down as fateful a burden of problems as any incoming administration ever faced. More than any of his predecessors, President Dwight Eisenhower had to grasp a world as well as a national leadership. U.S. foreign policy was in crisis. Items:

THE KOREAN WAR. At a dead end, after 2½ years and 128,530 U.S. casualties, it required a resolute will to find a solution (see Strategy).

THE FAR EAST. A Korean solution would have to be fitted into a general, unified U.S. policy toward the Far East. The Truman Administration's failure to view the Far East as essentially a single problem caused catastrophe in China and deadlock in Korea and Indo-China.

THE MIDDLE EAST. U.S. prestige in the Arab world has declined further in recent months. The Kremlin, by its anti-Semitic drive (see INTERNATIONAL), is gaining strength in the Middle East. The U.S. will have to develop a policy or face the loss of this area to Communism.

THE NORTH ATLANTIC ALLIANCE. European rearmament schedules are lagging. NATO is losing the spirit that Eisenhower infused in it.

TRADE, NOT AID. The period of fruitful American handouts is ending. Europeans say they want "trade, not aid," but a major effort of U.S. leadership in fields of currency convertibility, tariffs and international investment will be needed.

In domestic affairs, the rock on which the world anti-Communist strength is built, the problems facing the new Administration include:

FISCAL POLICY. How soon and safely, if at all, could spending be trimmed, taxes eased, the inflationary spiral arrested?

GOVERNMENTAL EFFICIENCY. Government probably is giving the taxpayer nowhere near his money's worth. Eisenhower's administration is going to have to chop, prune and reorganize.

PRODUCTION & PROSPERITY. The flow of arms for defense and goods for civilians is the mainstream of U.S. strength; it has to be maintained and strengthened. Specifically, Ike has to keep the economy steady when arms orders slack off in a year or two.

To these tasks the new Administration brings Ike's own qualities for leadership,



Associated Press

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CHIEF JUSTICE

"Give us, we pray, the power to discern clearly right from wrong."

and an impressive Cabinet. It brings, too, the good will of the American people in a measure of unity which very few administrations have enjoyed.

THE PRESIDENCY

Faith & Freedom

Over the vast, silent crowd on Capitol Hill and through homes and offices across the land, the voice rang sharp & clear: "I, Dwight D. Eisenhower, do solemnly swear . . . [to] preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States—so help me God." Black-robed Chief Justice Vinson stepped back, and the new President of the U.S. stood alone.

He began with a prayer: "Almighty God . . . give us, we pray, the power to discern clearly right from wrong . . . so that all may work for the good of our beloved country and for thy glory. Amen." He paused, then turned to the great and terrible issues of the time:

"The world, and we, have passed the midway point of a century of continuing challenge. We sense with all our faculties that forces of good and evil are massed and armed and opposed as rarely before in history.

"This fact defines the meaning of this

day . . . We are called as a people to give testimony, in the sight of the world, to our faith that the future shall belong to the free . . .

"To produce this unity, to meet the challenge of our time, destiny has laid upon [the U.S.] the responsibility of the free world's leadership. So it is proper that we assure our friends once again that, in the discharge of this responsibility, we Americans know and observe the differences between world leadership and imperialism, between firmness and truculence, between a thoughtfully calculated goal and spasmodic reaction to the stimulus of emergencies.

"We wish our friends the world over to know this above all: we face the threat—not with dread and confusion—but with confidence and conviction.

"We feel this moral strength because we know that we are not helpless prisoners of history. We are free men. We shall remain free, never to be proven guilty of the one capital offense against freedom, a lack of staunch faith."

Fixed Principles. In leading "freedom" against "slavery," the U.S. will be guided by "certain fixed principles."

"1) Abhorring war as a chosen way to balk the purposes of those who threaten us, we hold it to be the first task of states-

manship to develop the strength that will deter the forces of aggression and promote the conditions of peace . . .

"2) We shall never try to placate an aggressor by the false and wicked bargain of trading honor for security. For, in the final choice, a soldier's pack is not so heavy a burden as a prisoner's chains.

"3) We view our nation's strength and security as a trust upon which rests the hope of free men everywhere . . .

"4) We shall never use our strength to try to impress upon another people our own cherished political and economic institutions.

"5) Assessing realistically the needs and capacities of proven friends of freedom, we shall strive to help them to achieve their own security and well-being. Likewise, we shall count upon them to assume, within the limits of their resources, their full and just burden in the common defense of freedom.

"6) Recognizing economic health as an indispensable basis of military strength and the free world's peace, we shall strive to foster everywhere, and to practice ourselves, policies that encourage productivity and profitable trade . . .

"7) Appreciating that economic need, military security and political wisdom combine to suggest regional groupings of free peoples, we hope, within the framework of the United Nations, to help strengthen such special bonds the world over . . .

"In Europe, we ask that enlightened and inspired leaders of the Western nations strive with renewed vigor to make the unity of their peoples a reality . . .

"8) Conceiving the defense of freedom, like freedom itself, to be one and indivisible, we hold all continents and peoples in equal regard and honor. We reject any insinuation that one race or another, one people or another, is in any sense inferior or expendable.

"9) Respecting the United Nations as the living sign of all people's hope for peace, we shall strive to make it not merely an eloquent symbol but an effective force."

Crusader's Call. President Eisenhower asked his own nation to put forth every effort in the cause of freedom with peace.

"No person, no home, no community can be beyond the reach of this call. We are summoned to act in wisdom and in conscience, to work with industry, to teach with persuasion, to preach with conviction, to weigh our every deed with care and with compassion. For this truth must be clear before us: whatever America hopes to bring to pass in the world must first come to pass in the heart of America.

"More than an escape from death, it is a way of life.

"More than a haven for the weary, it is a hope for the brave.

"This is the hope that beckons us onward in this century of trial. This is the work that awaits us all, to be done with bravery, with charity—and with prayer to Almighty God."

Prayer & Preparation

In the week before his inauguration, Dwight Eisenhower thought much about the passage in the Bible on which he wished to place his hand when taking the oath of high office. One morning at his Commodore Hotel headquarters, he remembered. He marked off *II Chronicles*, Chapter 7, starting with the 14th verse: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from Heaven."



HARRY TRUMAN

"Goodnight and—God bless you."

en, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land . . ."

Eisenhower wound up his dry-run presidential administration at the Commodore with a dry-run Cabinet meeting. Among other business, he read the current drafts of his inaugural address and his State of the Union message. All present were asked for comments and memos. One notable decision: concerned over the lag in NATO's buildup, Eisenhower ordered Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Mutual Security Director Harold Stassen to make a quick, fact-finding trip through Europe within ten days after the inauguration. Another decision: his inaugural outfit, announced Eisenhower, would include no top hat or tail coat. Instead, he would wear: black Homburg, striped trousers, club coat, black and grey four-in-hand tie, turned-down starched collar.

At week's end, Eisenhower said farewell to Columbia University. On Sunday after-

By inauguration time, Eisenhower decided to swear on two bibles: the historic one used by George Washington, and the one Cadet Eisenhower used at West Point. His own was opened at *II Chronicles* 7:14. The Washington Bible was opened at *Psalm* 127:1: "Except the Lord build the house, their labor is vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

noon, the Pennsylvania Railroad's Business Car No. 90, the same car that in 1945 carried Ike on his return home from his World War II European command, bore him, Mamie and family toward Washington, D.C., and the helm of state.

Harry's Farewell

Misty-eyed Democrats, pouring in to say goodbye, found Harry Truman's White House office oddly naked last week. Down from the walls had come the portraits of Simón Bolívar and Ben Franklin, the etchings of early aircraft, the framed photographs of Sam Rayburn and Alben Barkley. Gone from the presidential desk were the familiar knickknacks—a piece of rock from the highest mountain in North America (Mt. McKinley, 20,770 ft.), the donkeys, and the desk photos. Said Harry Truman with rueful jocularity: "If I'd known how much packing I'd have to do, I'd have run again."

Most of the week Truman's attractive, homespun side was on public view. Long-time foes were temporarily softened by his warmth and perkiness. Democrats were stirred to nostalgia by his last annual economic report. Said Harry, conjuring up visions of Franklin Roosevelt: "In the mid-1930s, it was no exaggeration to speak of one-third of a nation ill-fed, ill-clad and ill-housed. Since then, the one-third has been reduced to one-fifth or maybe less . . ."

Sweetness & Light. At his final presidential press conference—the 324th since he took office—Truman was full of bounce and impishness. That evening, in a farewell radio-TV speech to the nation, Harry Truman reverted briefly to the humility of his early days in office. Said he: "When Franklin Roosevelt died, I felt there must be a million men better qualified than I to take up the presidential task. But the work was mine to do, and I had to do it. I have tried to give it everything that was in me." Characteristically, he also soared to new heights of self-assertion in an implied comparison of his own foreign policy and that of F.D.R. Sketching in the background of the U.S. decision to intervene in Korea—"the decision I believe was the most important in my time as President"—Truman recalled the easy conquests of aggressor nations in the 1930s—Manchuria, Ethiopia, the Rhineland, Austria, Czechoslovakia. He went on: "Think about those years of weakness and indecision and World War II, which was their evil result. Then think about the speed and courage and decisiveness with which we have moved against the Communist threat since World War II."

Last Blow. As Harry came to the end of his speech, Bess and Margaret came to his side. Solemnly they faced the TV cameras while he said: "And now the time has come for me to say Goodnight and—God bless you."

Next day, sweetness & light went by the board when Harry Truman issued an executive order setting aside all U.S. offshore oil deposits as a petroleum reserve

for the Navy. The order was Harry Truman's last blow in a long-standing fight. He had twice vetoed bills in which Congress proposed to give offshore oil deposits to the states off whose coasts they lie. Last week's order meant that, to carry out their intention of giving ownership of offshore reserves to the states, Ike and the Republican-dominated 83rd Congress would have to accept the political odium of taking oil away from the Navy.

Five days later, Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower rode together in state to the Capitol Building. There Harry Truman watched the inauguration ceremony which made him an ex-President. A few hours afterward, the man from Missouri boarded the railroad car *Ferdinand Magellan*, and headed for Independence.

STRATEGY

A Will & a Way

Is there any solution for the Korean stalemate? President Eisenhower has given no inkling of specific plans, but his approach to the problem is vastly different from that of Truman, Acheson & Co. Inauguration week invited a hard look back at how the stalemate came to be and a hard look ahead at possibilities for ending it.

Wars are sometimes stalemated for military reasons, e.g., the Western front in World War I, which was deadlocked for three years and nine months by the then tactical superiority of the defensive and by the fact that the military potentials of the enemies were almost evenly matched. Korea is not that kind of deadlock. Present military technology gives an advantage to the offensive, as was the case in World War II. The U.N. nations have a military potential many times China's.

The Korean deadlock has political, not military, roots. To set the objectives of a war is a political responsibility, but the Truman Administration never clarified its objectives in Korea. Military action could not be fitted to strategic aims which were not clear enough. Before the Korean war began, the U.S. knew (and the Kremlin knew) that Communist aggression in certain vital areas (say a Red army advance into West Germany) would be met with all-out atomic retaliation by the U.S. But the U.S. did not know (and the Kremlin knew it did not know) what to do about limited aggression. A vague doctrine of defending the perimeters of the free world was in the minds of U.S. leaders, and after the Communists crossed the 38th parallel, but not before, this violated line was considered part of the perimeter. The Administration was in a siege state of mind; it entered the Korean war to repair a breach in the wall.

Political Question. Criticism stemming from this state of mind landed on MacArthur as soon as he began pursuing the shattered North Korean army above the 38th parallel. When the Chinese Communists attacked, they threw MacArthur back; he, and later Ridgway, stabilized

the front, and the U.N. forces were advancing again when the Reds set up the peace talks. The siege mentality in the U.N. nations revived, as the Communists doubtless thought it would.

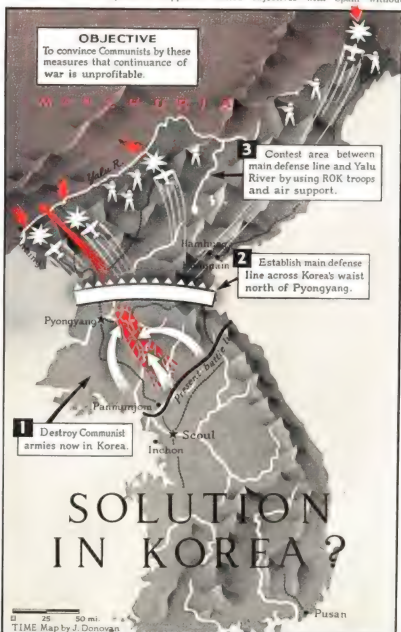
No serious military man doubts that the U.S. and its allies can destroy the Communist armies now facing them if they choose to pay the price in casualties in one or two months instead of spreading them over years. (The siege mentality stresses the fact that the Chinese Reds are well entrenched, but their fortifications can scarcely approach the Maginot line, which has been a joke among military men since 1940).

The real inhibition against action in Korea arises from the question: Suppose

the U.N. defeats the Chinese army in Korea, then what? That question is more political than military; it calls for definition of the political objectives of the Korean war. A reasonable statement of those objectives might be to: 1) restore a unified non-Communist Korean nation running to the Yalu River, and 2) punish the Chinese Communists sufficiently to make them drop their aggression against Korea.

The first objective does not necessarily require huge U.N. armies camped along the long, weak line of the Yalu. And the second objective does not require U.N. armies "wandering around . . . China." (Churchill's phrase)

The U.S. fought a successful war of limited objectives with Spain without



dreaming of taking Madrid. The Japanese fought a successful war of limited objectives with Russia without having to wander to Petrograd. In fact, the war of limited objectives is a thousand times more frequent in the pages of history than the apocalyptic war of unconditional surrender. The defeat of Germany in 1945 was so impressive an event that it has almost persuaded a generation that this is the only kind of war. In fact, the 1945 victory is almost unique.

Military Means. If the limited U.N. aims in Korea are stated in clear terms, the military means to achieve them appear anything but impossible.

First, the present Communist army in the field must be destroyed. If this is not well within the capability of the U.N. nations, then the whole world is at the mercy of Communist force.

Second, a U.N. line might be established across the Korean peninsula's narrow waist (some 90 miles wide). Behind such a line would lie the present Red capital, Pyongyang, and some two-thirds of Korea, with four-fifths of its population.

If the Communists choose to put a new army below the Yalu, it would risk the same fate that would have befallen the first. If the Communists want to contest the area between the waist and the Yalu with guerrilla activity, ROK troops, with U.S. air support, should be able to carry on the fight as long and as well as the Chinese.

Nobody can predict precisely the point at which the Chinese would quit. But governments that find wars politically unprofitable usually stop fighting.

Eisenhower has the will to end the Korean war in victory. A way to do that is very much in the realm of the possible. Between the will and the way perhaps months of preparation must elapse. But a world that is paying the cost of years of indecision will not begrudge such months.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Conflict of Interest

Plans for quick confirmation of Dwight Eisenhower's Cabinet appointees seemed to be purling along as smoothly as a 1953 Cadillac; then the engine suddenly began to pound. The noise came from the hearing room of the Senate Armed Services Committee where Secretary of Defense-designate Charles Erwin Wilson was being questioned in closed sessions. He had resigned as president of General Motors, said Wilson, but he still held 39,800 shares of G.M. stock worth approximately \$2,500,000, and in the next three years he is to get bonuses, including 1,800 more shares of stock.

There was an uneasy stir in the committee room. Did he intend to sell the stock? No, said Erwin Wilson. If he sold, he would have to pay a big capital-gains tax (estimates ranged up to several hundred thousand). Some of the Senators pointed out that the U.S. law is clear on the point involved: no officer of the Government

may transact business with any firm in which he has a financial interest. General Motors is the Defense Department's biggest supplier, holds approximately 7.8% of the dollar volume of all the department's contracts. Wilson seemed astonished to learn that there was such a law. Said he stolidly: "What is good for the country is good for General Motors, and what's good for General Motors is good for the country."

Many Senators took a different view. The Senator who had started it all, Virginia's friendly-to-Eisenhower Harry Byrd, grunted that he had "never been so big-poled." Said Vermont's Republican George Aiken: "I don't see how Mr. Wilson ever could act as Secretary of Defense when his own personal interests are tied up with General Motors."

What to Do? While Democrats sat back and chuckled at the furor, Dwight Eisenhower aides searched for a solution.



United Press
CHARLES ERWIN WILSON
What's good for the country?

There was no indication that the Ikemen had foreseen the trouble. Massachusetts' Senator Leverett Saltonstall thought it might be all right if Wilson would agree to disqualify himself on all defense-G.M. dealings. Ohio's Senator Robert Taft suggested that Congress might quickly change the law to fit Wilson's case, but he added somewhat sharply that offering a solution is "their problem," i.e., the problem of Dwight Eisenhower and his close advisers.

The problem extends below Wilson: three of the men named as his top aides also have stock in companies doing business with the Defense Department. A tougher case than Wilson's is that of Robert Ten Broeck Stevens, a textile manufacturer, who was appointed Secretary of the Army. His firm, J. P. Stevens & Co. of New York City, does a third (about \$125 million a year) of its business with the Defense Department, mostly in cloth for

uniforms. It is a family firm. If he sold his stock, management might pass to other hands, the firm might have to be completely reorganized, with consequences that would extend far beyond any personal sacrifice Stevens might have to make. The Stevens firm, however, sells to the Government on the basis of competitive bids, while General Motors has a number of large development contracts and other dealings in which discretion is necessarily in the hands of Government officials and finally in the hands of the Secretary of Defense himself.

Avoid the Appearances. In Wilson's case, the real danger of a conflict of interest is not where many Senators suppose it is. Knowing General Motors, believing that "what is good for the country is good for General Motors," Wilson, whether or not he sells his stock, might be inclined to load contracts on G.M. But companies like G.M. make smaller profits from Government contracts than they do from private business, and it might be to Wilson's interest as a stockholder to hold down the level of Government contracts to G.M.

No Senator, Democratic or Republican, suggested that there was any chance that earnest Erwin Wilson would be improperly influenced by his stockholdings. But there is the law, and most Americans probably approve the principle on which it rests. Rigid application of the law might make it hard to get into Government men of managerial backgrounds, as distinguished from men whose wealth comes by inheritance or speculation. The managers are more likely to have less money and to have it tied up in a way that is hard to move without loss.

However arguable the ethics of such practical considerations might be, the politics of Erwin Wilson's case are crystal-clear. The Eisenhower Administration has to lean over backwards to avoid any suspicion of personal profit from Government. It has to avoid not only evil but the appearances of evil. Unless Erwin Wilson sells his stock and goes to work, the Democrats will have something to yell about.

New Look in Aides

Harry Truman had two major generals and a rear admiral (average age: 51) as his White House military aides. Ike's aides, named last week, are younger men (average age: 37) of lower rank: a commander, a lieutenant colonel, a major.

As his naval aide, Ike picked one of the Navy's best young officers: Commander Edward L. Beach, 34. Ned Beach was a wartime submarine hero (Navy Cross, Silver Star, etc.), later wrote *Submarine*, the liveliest and most authentic account of undersea combat to come out of World War II. He began his sub service aboard the renowned *Trigger*, which sank at least 27 Japanese ships, wound up the war with his own command. As postwar skipper of the *Amberjack*, he made himself a terror to carrier admirals during war games. His favorite trick was to sneak up on a carrier, photograph her through his

periscope, mail the admiral a print with "Regards from Ned Beach and the Am-berjack."

The new Air Force aide is an old acquaintance of Ike's: Major William G. Draper, 32, wartime transport pilot who in early 1951 was assigned as personal pilot to the SHAPE commander. At Ike's request, Draper was summoned from Europe in December to fly the President-elect and his party to Korea. In his new job, Draper will double as pilot of the presidential DC-6, the *Independence*.

Ike's Army aide is mustachined Lieut. Colonel Robert L. Schulz, 45, no Ned Beach, but also no Harry Vaughan. Traffic Expert Schulz spent the war years as a Washington transportation officer, getting plane and train reservations for Army brass. After Ike came home in 1945, Schulz was assigned the job of seeing to the general's transportation needs. Colonel Schulz made himself so useful that Ike has kept him around ever since.

Appointments

Named last week to important posts in the Eisenhower Administration:

Mrs. OSWALD BATES LORD, 48, campaign-time co-chairman of the national Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon organization, to be U.S. representative on the U.N. Human Rights Commission, succeeding Eleanor Roosevelt, resigned. A flour heiress (Pillsbury Mills) with brains (Phi Beta Kappa at Smith College), efficient Mary Lord is the wife of a prosperous Manhattan textile manufacturer, mother of two sons, and a likely contender for the title of New York City's No. 1 committeewoman. Among her top posts: wartime chairman of Civilian Advisory Committee for the Women's Army Corps, president of the National Health Council, chairman of the U.S. Committee for the U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund. Of her new job, she said: "I have a lot of homework to do."

ELBERT PARR TUTTLE, 55, Atlanta tax lawyer and post-convention Republican state chairman, to be general counsel (head of the Legal Division) of the Treasury Department. Tuttle's high-domed head and earnest oratory came to the attention of several million U.S. televisioners during last summer's Republican National Convention, when he sparked the Georgia pro-Eisenhower delegation's dramatic and successful fight against the claims of the rival pro-Taft delegation. Tuttle had been in battle before: in World War II, he was an artillery battalion commander in the Pacific. An ex-officer who served under him remembers him as "the kind of guy who never got ruffled. He could wade through mud and keep clean, be under fire and keep cool."

T. (for THOMAS) COLEMAN ANDREWS, 53, Richmond accounting executive, to be Commissioner of Internal Revenue. With only a few months of college behind him, Andrews passed his state Certified Public Accountant exams at 22 (a record at the time), went on to reach the top of his profession as president (1950-51) of the

American Institute of Accountants. A Democrat, he liked Ike but took no active part in the campaign. Blunt, hard-driving Coleman Andrews trod on many a toe as Richmond city comptroller and Virginia state auditor, and friends predict he will spare no toes as the nation's chief tax collector.

H. (for HUBERT) BRIAN HOLLAND, 48, Boston lawyer, to be Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's Tax Division, a job once held by the complaisant T. Lamar Caudle. Born in London, Holland became a U.S. citizen at 25, after graduating from Yale and the Harvard Law School. He brings to his new post as top enforcer of U.S. tax laws a reputation as "one of the best tax lawyers in the country."

CHARLES RUFFIN HOOK JR., 38, vice president in charge of personnel of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co., to be Deputy Postmaster General. Son of a



MARY LORD
Plenty of homework to do.

wealthy Ohio industrialist (now board chairman of Arco Steel Corp.), handsome Charlie Hook married a Morgan heiress, is a popular and ornamental member of Cleveland society.

C. (for CLARENCE) DOUGLAS DILLON, 43, investment banker (board chairman of Manhattan's Dillon, Read & Co. Inc.), to be Ambassador to France. Active in New York City charities and New Jersey politics, Dillon was an early and effective Eisenhower-for-President booster. He speaks French "pretty well," describes his hobby as "appreciation of art—looking at pictures," shares Ike's passion for golf (mid-80s). In Paris, he will work alongside a Dillon. Read vice president: Ambassador William H. Draper Jr., who last week announced that Ike had asked him to stay on "for several months" as top U.S. civilian representative in NATO councils.

THE CONGRESS

In Re Morse

When Majority Leader Bob Taft and Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson proposed their nominees for committee membership in the Senate last week, one name was conspicuously absent. Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse, who walked out of the Republican Party during the presidential campaign, was not on either list. What's more, all committee places were filled, except for two gaping G.O.P. vacancies on the Public Works and District of Columbia committees, the Limbo of the Senate.

With the stage thus set, Morse nominated himself for a seat on the Armed Services Committee. Never before had a Senator made such a proposal. No one knew just what to do.

After four hours of bouncing from parliamentary inquiry to point of order, the votes were finally counted. Only seven Senators had voted to seat Morse and 81 had voted against him. This countenance was promptly interpreted as Republican "discipline," but the Democrats, whose presidential candidate Morse had supported, were more responsible for his plight than the G.O.P. Morse had insisted that he didn't want the Republicans to assign him to committees. Nevertheless, G.O.P. leaders at one point proposed that the Armed Services and Labor committees be enlarged to reseat Morse and to add another Republican, thus assuring G.O.P. control of all committees. The Democratic leadership flatly refused.

The Minority's Manager

When Texas' rangy Lyndon Johnson was elected Senate minority leader this month, some of his colleagues were suspicious, while others were sympathetic. He had to organize the Senate section of his battered and divided party for the unfamiliar role of opposition. Many a "liberal" Senator feared that Johnson would freeze out the Northerners. By last week, however, the sympathy and suspicion had turned to surprise and respect.

Johnson had seized the reins firmly, had launched his Senate organization harmoniously and effectively. He started off by naming Northerners to the only two vacancies on the powerful Policy Committee, and from then on gave the liberals little opportunity to complain. In making standing-committee assignments, he dared to violate the traditions of seniority. To get all his men working where they would do the most good, he cajoled, horse-traded and argued some oldtimers (including some Southerners) into giving up some of their key committee seats. By that method he found an Armed Services Committee seat for Missouri's freshman Senator Stuart Symington, onetime (1947-50) Secretary of the Air Force, and placed Montana's Freshman Mike Mansfield on Foreign Relations.

When all the assignments had been handed out, every one of the 47 Democratic Senators had at least one important committee assignment that he wanted.

THE TREASURY

A Time for Talent

[See Cover]

One day in 1836, near the end of his second term, old President Andrew Jackson walked across the street from the White House, struck the earth with his walking stick and said: "Right here is where I want the cornerstone." Then & there it was laid, and around it was built the columned granite pile of the U.S. Treasury Department.

Old Hickory had good reason to want the Treasury under his eagle eye. Ever since Alexander Hamilton became the first Secretary of the Treasury in 1789 (and regarded himself as second only to the President in importance), the Treasury had been at the center of the nation's high politics. Jackson staked his political career on a showdown battle over fiscal policy, and shuffled Secretaries like poker cards until he got one who agreed with him. And so, embroiled in one vital question or another, the Treasury was at the heart of politics in subsequent administrations; Treasury & tariff, Treasury & greenbacks, Treasury & free silver. Treasury & the gold standard were hotly argued at the nation's dinner tables through the generations, and into the first months of the New Deal.

Then, abruptly, that kind of argument shifted. It no longer turned around the Secretary of the Treasury.

Forgotten Men. Early in Franklin Roosevelt's Administration the U.S. began to forget how to argue its most important issues. Where politics used to be fought out in terms of the economy, economics were argued in terms of politics—first in the language of the social reformers, then of World War II's soldiers, and finally of

the Marshall Planners and the diplomats. The succession of Treasury Secretaries—F.D.R.'s Henry Morgenthau and Truman's Fred Vinson and John Snyder—became, fiscally speaking, all but forgotten men themselves, charged mainly with paying the bills and borrowing money at the lowest possible interest rates.

How did the Treasury come to lose prestige in a generation when it handled more money than Andrew Jackson—or Theodore Roosevelt—could have conceived of? One significant answer: a government that accepts private business as the mainspring of the economy can use the Treasury as a regulator, but a government that considers itself the economic mainspring will put its economic power in the hands of the planners and managers. The passage of the Government's fiscal power from the Treasury to Harry Hopkins of WPA and Harold Ickes of PWA symbolized a whole new philosophy of the relation of government and business.

Now, perhaps, another and reverse shift is due. Eisenhower has named to the job a stocky, straight-shouldered man with a strong nose, bleak blue eyes and a disarming smile. George Magoffin Humphrey, 62, is the 55th U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. By all readable portents he will be the first in a generation to restore Treasury to its function of high policymaking—by fiscal leadership—not by bureaucratic control of business.

The Quiet Type. George Humphrey is from the Midwest heartland of coal and ore which supports the kingdom of steel. Since the '20s he has converted Cleveland's M. A. Hanna Co. from a foundering hodgepodge of mines and miscellany into a skillfully integrated corporation with holdings worth \$250 million. The M. A. Hanna Co. dominates coal and iron mines,

ships, banks, chemical plants, a rayon plant, a steel corporation—and is now deep in an enormous ore project in Labrador. Humphrey's exploits made his name magic among the planners and visionaries of U.S. industry, but the public knew him hardly at all. "Business," Humphrey used to say, "is judged by performance and if you perform you don't need to talk . . . I've always discouraged the people I know from making speeches." Humphrey will find that public life is different: that performance doesn't count unless the public understands the what and why and how of it; that education—and speeches—are a very important part of a public official's job.

Ike Eisenhower heard about the little-known Humphrey from his chief talent scout, General Lucius Clay. Clay first spotted Humphrey during World War II while Humphrey was serving with quiet effectiveness on the Department of Commerce's Business Advisory Council. Clay saw Humphrey again in postwar Germany; Clay was in command of the U.S. occupation zone, and Humphrey was making a survey of German industry for ECA's Paul Hoffman. Clay knew Humphrey only slightly—and still does—but he was impressed by the rare combination of "forward-looking imaginativeness" and "complete normalcy."

Ike agreed enthusiastically after chatting with Humphrey in Manhattan for a few minutes last November. Ike not only offered him a seat in his Cabinet, but threw an arm around Humphrey's shoulder and, looking at his balding head, said, "I see you part your hair the same way I do." Later, on board the cruiser *Helena* returning from Korea, Ike and Humphrey cottoned to each other even more. Humphrey's dry, quick sallies in the wardroom often broke the atmosphere of heavy deliberation, to Ike's relief. And on deck, to Ike's surprise, Old Hunter Humphrey turned out to be every bit as good a skeet-shooter as Old Soldier Eisenhower.

Like Ike, George Humphrey is likely to feel frustrated and uneasy at a cocktail party and happy when he is in the field or at the bridge table. Like Ike, he likes the far-ranging operation, is in his element when he is outbound for Labrador in the Hanna Co.'s speedy converted Lockheed patrol bomber. His nonbusiness passion is horses: he is a scientific horse breeder and an excellent horseman. His rambling, two-story country home in Kirtland Hills, just outside Cleveland, is a horsey household dominated by murals, pictures and statues of horses. Above the living-room mantel is a lighted oil painting of George Humphrey on his own Richmond Boy. He spends most of his vacations on his 1,000-acre estate, "Milestone," near Thomasville, Ga.—usually riding and hunting.

Humphrey has little time or concern for the arts, confines his nonbusiness reading mostly to the sprightly trade magazine of the thoroughbred-horse-breeding industry, *The Blood Horse*. (When he caught Mrs. Humphrey reading Hemingway's *The Old Man and The Sea*, he asked, with



STATE'S DUPONT & TREASURY'S HUMPHREY (ABOARD THE U.S.S. HELENA)
After bureaucratic controls, imaginative orthodoxy.

a wink: "Why would anybody be interested in some old man who was a failure and never amounted to anything?" He revels in the role of head-of-the-family, loves to gather his son and two daughters and his eight grandchildren at Kirtland Hills on Sundays.

One friend describes Humphrey's approach to anything—horses, children or coal mines—as "imaginative orthodoxy." Humphrey pays almost no attention to the day-by-day exercises of the stock market, and he made some of his best business moves during the 1929 market crash. In 1947 he shocked the coal industry by settling directly with John L. Lewis for a 15¢-an-hour pay raise and an eight-hour day. Hauled up before a congressional committee to explain he gave two prime reasons: 1) he had observed, he said, that once the Government intervened in labor disputes, the unions generally got their demands anyway; and 2) the miners deserved an eight-hour day, and probably would be more productive for it.

"He starts with a tradition," said a fellow Clevelander last week, "and strikes out from there on his own experience."

Pony Boy. If George Humphrey were just a traditionalist he probably would now be the best known and most prosperous lawyer in mid-Michigan. George was born in 1890 in Cheboygan and raised in Saginaw, where his father, Watts Humphrey, was a hearty, roaring trial lawyer with an excellent practice. His mother, a former schoolteacher, was a wise and gentle parent and a political diehard (all through the New Deal she spelled Roosevelt with a small "r").

As a youngster, George was popular, bright and unspoiled—even though he got his first pony when he was only eight. At Saginaw High School he got top grades and was twice president of his class. He played some tennis, and was a steady ground-gaining halfback on the 1908 Saginaw championship football team. At the University of Michigan he took three semesters of engineering, then switched to law and graduated (1912) into a job in his father's firm.

From the start, he was a successful lawyer, with every incentive to settle down to a respected life in Saginaw. Six months after graduation he married his childhood sweetheart, Pamela Stark, daughter of another wealthy Saginaw attorney, who provided them with a new house. But a disturbing influence came to Saginaw in the guise of one Dick Grant, a friend of the family and general counsel of the M. A. Hanna Co. in Cleveland. Grant offered George a job as M. A. Hanna's assistant counsel. George accepted, for reasons that he could not quite explain to himself at the time.

Later he could explain: "In the law," he says, "you put your heart and soul into a client, then you go through it again with the next client. All you could build in the law business was a personal reputation. I have never been particularly interested in merely building a personal reputation. In business you develop a mine or



HUMPHREY & GRANDCHILDREN AT KIRTLAND HILLS
Above the mantel, a favorite companion.

a plant, or an entire industry. I was more interested in building something you could see or touch."

Junked Cots. The Hanna company was originally one of Cleveland's "ore houses," built up by Mark Hanna, who became the G.O.P. political power in William McKinley's day. When Humphrey arrived in 1917, the company was thriving on the wartime boom. Humphrey was put to work unraveling the company's World War I tax problems and became an expert on all the details of Hanna's operations. In 1920, at 30, he was made a junior partner just in time to watch Hanna slip into the postwar inventory depression.

By 1925, Humphrey says, "the corporation was in a bad way." It was losing some \$2,000,000 a year. Humphrey was installed as executive vice president with wide powers. He set about junking millions of dollars worth of unprofitable casts & dogs, wrote off inventories and cut payrolls. ("He'd fire his grandmother if she wasn't doing a good job," said a friend. "but he'd put her on a pension.") Hanna never again lost money, even during the depression of the 1930s. On the solid foundation Humphrey started building up a new Hanna, drawing on his understanding of basic U.S. industry and his self-acknowledged talent for picking good partners. ("I'm as good at picking partners," he says, "as any man in the U.S.")

In 1929 he linked Hanna's ore and coal mines with a sheet-steel plant in Detroit and Ernest Weir's assortment of steel plants in the Pittsburgh area, forming the National Steel Corp. Hanna owns a controlling interest (27%) in National Steel, and in 1951 earned \$6,000,000 in

National Steel dividends. In Pittsburgh, Humphrey spotted a young coal-company executive named George Love. He spent years on a carefully drawn plan to buy two Pittsburgh coal companies and form them into Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Co.—for George Love to run. Humphrey's own account of the operation is typical. "We took two busted coal companies and put them together to build the greatest coal company in the world."

Iron for Gold. For simple survival, an operator of Humphrey's caliber must have an instinct for projecting trends—political as well as economic—into the future. "In extraction industries," he says, "you have to look ahead or you will find that you have got everything out of the ground that is to be had—and you're out of business." The rich Mesabi iron-ore lode in Minnesota is wearing thin as the nation's (and Hanna's) prime ore source. Twenty years ago Hanna proved the big ore field which Bethlehem Steel is now operating in Venezuela. ("We didn't develop it," says Humphrey, "because there were political difficulties in Venezuela.") Then Humphrey heard about a Canadian named Jules Timmins, who held the mineral rights to 24,000 square miles of land along the Labrador-Quebec border. Timmins had been looking for gold and all he was able to find was a fabulous deposit of iron ore.

Humphrey flew to Canada to button-hole Timmins. The land lay in desolate territory some 300 miles north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in an area called "Unava"—Eskimo for "faraway." Said Humphrey to Timmins: "What if you found \$100 million worth of gold up there? Would anybody build a railroad



UNDER SECRETARY FOLSOM
A respect for preparedness.

to bring it out?" He answered his own question. Hurrying back to the U.S., he got the backing of five big U.S. steel companies, a \$200 million loan from insurance companies, and formed a corporation with Timmins' Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, Ltd. to bring out the iron ore. ("It's a certainty," says one of Humphrey's admirers, "that nobody else in the U.S. could have raised so much capital so fast for a project in Labrador.")

The project is among the most ambitious feats in the history of private capital. The company operates its own air transport service for personnel and supplies. And it is now in mid-construction on a 358-mile double-track railroad to bring the ore down to dockside in the St. Lawrence Gulf. First ore shipments are due in 1954. Soon afterward, production will rise to about 10 million tons a year, and can be boosted to 30 million.

In terms of business, Ungava may yet be a gold mine. In terms of national security, it offers an invaluable new ore source for the U.S. steel industry, which uses 121 million tons of iron ore a year.

"Do You Want a Highway?" The Ungava project involved Humphrey in one of his rare appearances before a congressional committee, to testify in favor of the St. Lawrence Seaway. He admitted he had once been against the seaway and now favored it. "It's perfectly simple, gentlemen," he said. "You've got some material up there that you need down here. The only question is do you want a highway between the points or not?"

Humphrey always regarded "that thrilling thing up in Canada" as his last big accomplishment. Once the Labrador project was rolling, he planned to retire. "I was going to shoot some quail and raise some horses," he says. Then Ike asked him to take Treasury. Humphrey went off to Thomaston for a day to think it over. Convinced that "the spirit of this

election is the greatest thing that has happened," he agreed to take the job.

The Basic Problem. Humphrey will find enough work in the Treasury to make him feel at home. He will be top boss of—among others—the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the Secret Service, the Bureau of Narcotics, the Bureau of Engraving & Printing (which printed \$9,441,380,000 worth of currency in fiscal 1951), the Bureau of the Mint (a billion pennies alone), the U.S. Coast Guard (35,000 officers & men, 193 cutters, 62 patrol boats and 36 lightships) and the Coast Guard air arm (113 planes). He will preside over a domain of 88,000 people. He will have his own flag, serve as a trustee for some \$18 billion in Social Security funds, and as chairman of the National Advisory Council on International Monetary & Financial Problems.

But all of these jobs are minor compared with the real job of restoring the Treasury to effective leadership. John Snyder had a preoccupation with borrowing money at low interest rates. To his credit as a banker, he kept the cost of servicing the debt low, but the policy itself contributed to a postwar inflation.

Humphrey is eloquent on the perils of inflation, but he senses another peril in slamming the U.S. economy against the dashboard if he puts on the brakes too fast. He has a businessman's horror of running a government by deficit, and is a devout believer in the balanced budget (even to the point of personal conviction that defense spending should be cut, if necessary, to balance the budget). But Humphrey knows that Harry Truman's \$57.8 billion budget, with its \$9.0 billion deficit, is another factor which makes quick economic change impossible. "You can't set a hen in the morning," he says, "and have chicken salad for lunch."

The Magic Sound. As soon as he sits down in his office, problems are ready to pop out at him like clay pigeons at a skeet shoot. For example, some \$60 billion of the \$267 billion public debt will come due during 1953. Since the \$60 billion obviously can't be paid off, it will have to be refinanced.

Another imminent problem is the tax with the most popular name and the most unpopular results: the excess-profits tax. The Government in one way or another has to advance billions to industry to make up for the new capital that is dried up by a tax that falls on an efficient expandable business. Humphrey, like most businessmen, is violently opposed to E.P.T., and would—on principle—love to drop it when it expires June 30. But the New Deal era has given "excess profits" such a magic sound that Humphrey will have to make the real meaning of E.P.T. clear to the Congress and the country.

At a still higher level of policy, Humphrey's Treasury will have to wield the Government's influence over international trade. Some U.S. economists are suggesting that the U.S. would find itself with some \$35 billion in extra cash if the Treasury would raise the price of gold—

i.e., devalue the dollar. Then, as the theory goes, the U.S. could use the \$35 billion to set up a stabilization fund to let European countries sweep away currency restrictions. This plan has been vigorously attacked as adding to U.S. and world inflationary trends. It finds little or no favor among Ike's advisers. But they are deeply concerned about how to lower barriers to world trade, and nonconvertible currencies are a serious barrier. (The tariff is another.) For months there have been rumors of a new British effort to make the pound convertible. Humphrey may soon find himself involved in negotiations for essential U.S. help on this problem.

Humphrey has already used his talent for scouting out partners to build what is currently the strongest executive team of any branch of the new Administration. For his Under Secretary of the Treasury he got Marion Bayard Folsom, 50, treasurer of the Eastman Kodak Co. and chairman of the Committee for Economic Development. (C.E.D. has a healthy respect for military preparedness but wants a pay-as-you-go policy.) For Assistant Secretary Humphrey brought Horace Chapman Rose, 45, from Cleveland. "Chappie" Rose, a lawyer, was once secretary to Justice Holmes, but has been at Humphrey's elbow at M. A. Hanna for five years. For special adviser on debt management and monetary policies Humphrey called in W. Randolph Burgess, 63, chairman of the executive committee of the National City Bank of New York. Burgess, a dauntless graduate of the classical economic school, calls a balanced budget "the most sacred principle of sound money."

Problems of Influence. This week when Humphrey came up for confirmation before the Senate Finance Committee, he gave the Senators a pleasant surprise by knowing all of their names, and gracefully fielded the routine questions about his



ADVISER BURGESS
A passion for balance.

Bill Smith

holdings & finances. He had resigned all of his official positions (which paid him about \$300,000 annually), and all of his directorships. He would keep his stock in Hanna and its principal affiliates. Obviously, the Hanna companies would have tax dealings with Treasury, but Humphrey thought these would be settled at levels below his office. If the decisions came to him, he said, he would consult with the appropriate congressional committees.

"Suppose I sold all my stocks," Humphrey went on. "I've thought of it. What would I do with the money? If I left it in cash in the bank, someone could say I was unduly influencing the bank as Secretary of the Treasury. The Secretary has a lot of authority over banks. Or suppose I put it into Government bonds. Certainly there is no one in the country in a better position to influence the bond market than the Secretary of the Treasury."

At one point Colorado's Eugene Millikin addressed Humphrey as "Mr. Hanna." Millikin laughed with the rest at his mistake, and said: "Well, it's a good Republican name." Replied Humphrey: "That's right, and I'm proud of it."

The committee confirmed him unanimously, and George Humphrey headed off toward downtown Washington to make a good Republican name for himself at the U.S. Treasury.

THE CAPITAL

The Runaway Train

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville.

And the line's on a three-mile grade.

It was on that grade that he lost his air-brake.

And you see what a jump he made.

He was goin' down hill at 90 miles an hour

When the whistle broke into a scream.

He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle.

And a scalded to death with the steam...

A message ran over them telegraph wires,

And here is what it said:

"Steve Broady was the engineer,

"And the brave engineer is dead."

—The Wreck on the Southern Old 97

Red-faced, grizzled Pennsylvania Railroad Engineer Hank Brower had every reason to believe, just after 8:30 one morning last week, that he was going to glory just like Steve Broady—but with a much bigger bang. Like the pilot of Old 97, he was rocketing close to 90 m.p.h. as he rocketed across the South from Baltimore to Washington. His 250-ton electric locomotive and 16 cars of the crack *Federal Express* were on a slight down-grade. And when he reached for his air brakes at the outskirts of the capital, he found to his horror and amazement that they had failed.

Engineer Brower had eased off his power after flashing through outlying Bowie. But the train was doing 70 m.p.h. as it came roaring toward K Tower, which stands just three minutes from the station at slow yard speed. The locomotive's

whistle was screaming, its engines were running in reverse, and clouds of steam, flame and sparks were flying from its screeching wheels.

It was at K Tower, 15 car lengths from the entrance to the station, in little more time than it takes to say the Lord's Prayer. Conductor, flagman and brakemen went through the head cars, coolly instructing passengers to lie down or brace themselves in their seats. Still whistling wildly, the train jolted into a switch with its coaches careering behind it, raced down its appointed track and into the terminal like some vast, noisy and hellish projectile. Engineer Brower was seen gesticulating from the cab like a madman as he

room hesitated—Klopp, the hero of the day, is an aggressive man, known for pranks and jokes. But his expression made it plain that he was not joking. His fellow workers ran. White-haired Telegrapher Richard Outlaw grabbed a crippled secretary named Mary Leonardi and pulled her with him. They bawled a warning to people in the concourse as they fled. Meanwhile, at risk of life & limb, Klopp ducked out to the track side of the office and yelled a warning to a crew of car knockers (cleaning women, electricians, etc.). Then the *Federal*, whistle still blasting, was upon them all.

The train thundered down the tracks between passenger-loading platforms, cat-



WRECK OF THE FEDERAL EXPRESS IN WASHINGTON'S UNION STATION
Just time enough to say the Lord's Prayer.

went by. At that moment, it seemed that nothing could prevent a disaster.

At Washington's Union Station, tracks for southbound trains come to a dead end inside the terminal. Though they are only 20 inches lower than the level of the vast concourse and the waiting room, the metal guards at the track ends will only stop a train going less than 30 m.p.h. There was a good chance that the *Federal* would smash across the concourse and the waiting room, killing dozens.

As it passed K Tower, Train Director John Feeney grabbed his telephone and dialed the stationmaster's office, which stood in the station concourse at the head of Track 16, and directly in the path of the oncoming juggernaut. The phone was answered instantly by Stationmaster's Clerk Ray Klopp. "Get the hell out of there!" shouted Feeney into the telephone. Klopp began to sputter indignantly. "Runaway train coming right at you!" bellowed Feeney. Klopp wasted no more time. He wheeled and yelled, "Runaway train! Get out! Get out!"

For a second the two operators in the

apulted over the stopping block, plunged through a newsstand, and emerged into the concourse like a bull elephant bursting out of a screen of jungle. It headed inconspicuously across the floor toward the crowded waiting room. Then the concrete flooring gave way and it crashed through into a baggage room below amid clouds of steam and dust and a heart-stopping tumult of sound. The first coach hung at an angle over the gaping hole. The second coach also entered the concourse. Other front coaches were derailed, but passengers in the rear coaches did not realize there had been an accident. They thought that the engineer had made a rather jolting stop.

Fifty-nine passengers were hurt, only eight seriously (the worst injury was a fractured pelvis). No one in the station was injured. And Engineer Brower—who had stuck courageously to his cab and kept his "hand upon the throttle and his eye upon the rail" until the bitter end—stepped out of the awful wreckage of the locomotive without a scratch to show for his experience.

NEWS IN PICTURES



COLOGNE CLEAN-UP: After seven years of clearing away rubble in famed cathedral city, reminders of Allied blitz still turn up. Above: a 500-pound dud.



INDO-CHINA MOP-UP: French troops grope waist-high through a Red River delta swamp, searching for weapons.



VATICAN RITE: Their heads shrouded in scarlet-and-ermine robes of office, 24 prelates, including Los Angeles' James Francis McIntyre,

prostrate themselves in prayer at end of the ceremony in St. Peter's Basilica that elevated them to the 70-member College of Cardinals.

Associated Press



discarded by Communists driven back into the hills after two-month offensive that has already cost 1,500 casualties.



SUDAN NIP-UP: Egyptian "striplomacy" was demonstrated by Naguib envoy, Major Saleh Salem, who peeled to shorts for dance with Dinka tribesmen.



HAVANA RIOT: University students, whose opposition in the past has often heralded the fall of Cuban strong men, struggle in classic

revolutionary style to keep their flag aloft, as soldiers and police with fire hose try to break up their demonstration against Batista regime.

INTERNATIONAL

COMMUNISTS

Prologue to Terror

Suddenly all the pieces—the denunciation in Sofia, the excommunication in Budapest, the snap of the neckbone in Prague—fell into pattern. Across the Communist Empire, a great purge was on.

It had come into the open first in the suburbs—Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany. Now it reached to the center, the Kremlin itself. From Moscow came an accusation of the kind that heretofore has proved a prologue to mass murder and terror: the Kremlin had uncovered a "plot" which has already brought death to two members of the Politburo and threatened the

a calculated byproduct of the purges. But what are the primary reasons for the new purge? These are the likeliest theories:

¶ *A high-level conspiracy actually exists.* As narrated by the Kremlin, and with all the gibberish, the inconsistencies and the elaborate linkings (Wall Street-Downing Street-Israel-Moscow), the "plot" seems incredible. But it is not unbelievable that the two Politburo members were in fact murdered, that some kind of plot did exist, and that those with guilty knowledge of their deaths must now be wiped out.

¶ *A need for scapegoats.* In the satellite countries and Russia itself, there is not enough to eat, not enough housing, or consumer goods. Unable to relax its tyranny, Communism can drive its subjects to greater efforts (e.g., war preparations) only by providing mythical plotters from the outside (Western warmongers, "international Jews") and culprits at home on whom to blame the suffering.

¶ *An internal struggle for power.* Joseph Stalin has always ruled by Machiavelli's maxim: "He who establishes a dictatorship and does not kill Brutus . . . will reign only a short time." Stalin is now 73. The cold, powerful men around him are themselves ruled by 1) fear of treachery within their own close circle; 2) the knowledge that Stalin likes to play one clique against another. In 14 recent years, relatively young (51) Georgy Malenkov has climbed to power over the corpses of men like Andrei Zhdanov and over the broken careers of others. On the way up, he had the support of Secret Police Boss Lavrenty Beria. Now there may be a falling out.

These theories are on the side of good news for the West to the extent that they argue the existence of unrest in Soviet Russia. But there is another possibility, and it is bolstered by the way the attacks on the Jews are linked with the inciting hatred for the U.S.:

¶ *Tightening for trouble.* The Communists may be getting set for war against the West. Evidences of crises in morale and lapses in administration have been seeping out of Russia for months, and for even longer out of the satellite states. High Soviet officials have publicly admitted that corruption, thievery, black-marketeering and an upsurge of nationalism among minority groups have interfered with completion of the Five-Year Plans.

The great purges of the '30s had the effect of slimming down and tightening the Communist hierarchy, and produced a new surge of ruthless dedication which served Russia well in World War II. If the Politburo has decided on war, a similar "cleansing" would precede the more obvious signs of war preparations, such as troop movements in Europe. At least the purge, editorialized the London *Times*, does not "suggest that the Soviet leaders think the danger of war has receded."

Only a handful of men in the Kremlin know which explanation, or combination of explanations, is the correct one. It is

possible that they themselves do not yet know where all of this will lead them. It is also possible that, once loosing so powerful and irrational a force as anti-Semitism, they may not be able to control what they themselves have started.

Murder in the Kremlin

Early one morning last week, Radio Moscow announced that the Kremlin had a "chronicle" to read to the world, a word reserved by Radio Moscow for important official documents. There followed one of the most important items of news to flow out of the barricaded citadel of Communism since World War II.

"... Soviet security organs," said the voice, "uncovered a terrorist group of



VICTIM SCHERBAKOV
Brutus must die . . .

Sovfoto



VICTIM ZHDANOV
... so a dictator may live.

Sovfoto

lives of Russia's military leaders (see below). So far, only the hirelings had been unmasked; the higher-ups are still to be rooted out and exterminated, a process which may take as long as two years.

This time, something new has been borrowed. To suit their own purposes, Communism's purge-masters are making use of Nazism's scapegoats, the Jews.

The heavy accent on Jewry led some to speculate that the Russians are simply maneuvering to win Arab support in the volcanic Middle East. But those who took a closer look quickly decided that that is not the prime aim; the Russians are expending too much ammunition for such a target. So much attention in the Russian press and radio, such grave accusations seem to argue a meaning for the Russians themselves. It then becomes the duty of Russia's propagandists abroad, at a secondary level, to make appropriate use of the primary decisions taken at home: making propaganda hay with the Arabs is

physicians who, by prescribing harmful treatment, sought to cut short the lives of Soviet leaders." Nine doctors, the cream of the Soviet medical profession, had "confessed" to murdering two Politburo members and to trying to murder top officers of the Soviet army and navy.

Heads to Fall? "It has been established that all these doctor-assassins, these fiends in human shape . . . were hired foreign intelligence agents," said the communiqué. The plotters deliberately cut short the life of Alexander Serebrenich Shcherbakov, the Kremlin's astute political organizer of the Red army in World War II and one of the youngest (43) members of the Politburo when he died in 1945. They also "took advantage of the illness" of Strongman Andrei Zhdanov, creator of the postwar Cominform and the rumored heir to Stalin, who died in mysterious circumstances in 1948 at the age of 52. "The criminals . . . incorrectly established the diagnosis of his ailment

concealing that he suffered from myocardial infarction, prescribed a regime that was contra-indicated in the case of so serious an illness, and thereby brought about the death of Comrade Zhdanov.

"The criminals sought first and foremost to undermine the health of Soviet military leaders, to put them out of commission and weaken the country's defenses . . . But their arrest upset their fiendish plans." Among other intended victims, according to Moscow: Marshal Alexander Vasilevsky, Minister of War; Marshal Ivan Konev, commander of Soviet army ground forces; Admiral Gerdie Levchenko, Deputy Minister of the Navy; and General Sergei Shtemenko, chief of army staff.

The doctors had also been treating ailing Communist bigwigs from abroad—Bulgaria's Georgi Dimitrov, who died suddenly in 1949 after being linked with Marshal Tito; Marshal Choubaian, Premier of the Sovietized Outer Mongolian People's Republic, who died last year; and France's Communist Boss Maurice ("Dear Maurice") Thorez, who has been wasting away in a Soviet sanatorium since November 1950 while his comrades back home announce periodically that Soviet medicine has done wonders in treating him.

Six of the nine accused doctors are Jews who, the Kremlin said, had conspired with "international Jews" and the U.S. Government in a huge plot to undermine Communist governments. Their link to U.S. espionage was said to be "the international Jewish bourgeois-nationalist organization known as 'Joint'" (the European nickname for the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, which has poured millions into Europe since the war to rehabilitate and relocate distressed Jews).

The Pointing Finger. The accusations plainly involved more than anti-Semitism. For one thing, the top three purged doctors are not Jewish: P. I. Yegorov, chief of the Kremlin doctors, V. E. Vinogradov, one of the leaders of the Soviet Academy of Medical Sciences, and G. I. Mayorov. These doctors, said the Kremlin, "proved to be agents of long standing of the British Intelligence."

For another the purge was not going to stop at the doctors. Official newspapers pointed the accusing finger at "the organs of state security" and the bosses of the Ministry of Health for "gullibility and carelessness," for failing to detect the "plot" in time. Many Western observers leaped to the conclusion that the criticism hinted at trouble for Politburocrat Lavrenty Beria, longtime boss of the secret police system; but this is premature. On the very night the "plot" was disclosed, Stalin appeared at Moscow's Bolshoi Theater. With him, in web-and-together fashion, were Malenkov, Molotov, Voroshilov, Khrushchev—and Beria.

The outside world could safely surmise that an important, perhaps historic confrontation was under way at the seat of the power which rules one half the world and



VICTIM YAGODA
Nemesis did not forget.

threatens the other half. For the first time in 15 years, the Kremlin deliberately announced to the world the existence of a plot within the high Communist circle. "As far as the inspirers of these hiring killers are concerned," vowed *Pravda*, "they can be assured that Nemesis will not forget them."

Sifting the Ashes. When Alexander Sergeevich Shcherbakov died in 1945, officially of a "heart attack," he held at least seven important posts, and had presumably a great future. As they sifted Shcherbakov's political ashes last week, however, Russian specialists in the outside world noted one striking fact: he was involved during the war with a clique of

Communists which included Rumania's Ana Pauker, Czechoslovakia's Rudolf Slansky, France's Charles Tillon, two of them recently cast into disfavor and one of them—Slansky—executed.

Andrei Zhdanov, burly and bull-necked, presided over Leningrad during its grim wartime siege, emerged from the war as the engineer of the Kremlin's ideological and cultural "purges," and chief proponent of the policy of all-out hostility towards non-Communist Europe. His tough policy was an important element in provoking Tito's defection, and may be largely responsible for the great decline in Communist voting strength in Western Europe. Zhdanov's funeral, at which Premier Stalin played a tear-stained role as pall-bearer, was one of the most elaborate since Lenin's in 1924. His death certificate was signed by three of the doctors caught up in last week's purge.

Murder by Medicine. The Kremlin itself now insisted—seven years after one death, four after the other—that both Shcherbakov and Zhdanov were murdered. Russian history is speckled with incidents of murder by medicine, like the recurring poison theme in Oriental history and Renaissance Italy. It has a more recent parallel in the great Soviet purges of 1936-38, a reign of terror so vast that its full extent is still not clear. In the late '20s and early '30s, under Viacheslav Menzhinsky, the OGPU did Stalin's dirty work; suddenly Menzhinsky was dead and Genrikh Yagoda, his deputy, took over, to push the purge through the first of the three great "show trials." Yagoda's turn came next: he was replaced by Nikolai I. Yezhov, one of the 20th century's leading madmen, and Yagoda stood in the dock himself in March of 1938 as the alleged ringleader of the original Case of the Doctors (he was shot later in 1938 after the third show trial). When it was all over, Yezhov in turn disappeared, and his entire staff with him.

No Poisonous Substances. Accused with Yagoda were three prominent Soviet doctors who were charged, like their counterparts of last week, with conspiring to murder secret police chief Viacheslav Menzhinsky, famed Soviet Author Maxim Gorky and his son, and Politburo Member V. V. Kuibyshev. One by one the doctors stood before relentless Prosecutor Andrei Vishinsky and confessed to "shortening the lives" of their distinguished patients. They said they had murdered Gorky, who had suffered from TB for years, by encouraging him to visit a place "where children had gripe," by ordering him to take long walks, by sending him to a house where there had been a case of influenza. "Not wishing to apply potent poisonous substances," said Dr. Levin, "we worked by means of wrong treatment."

As the trial neared its end, Prosecutor Vishinsky turned to two doctors who sat in the court as expert witnesses to support the government's case, and asked them: "Have the expert witnesses any questions . . . ?" " . . . No questions to ask," replied the experts. "Everything is quite clear." One



POLITBUROCRAT BERIA
The accusing finger pointed.

of these two experts was Dr. V. E. Vinogradov—the Dr. Vinogradov who was arrested last week.

Manufactured plots and imagined guilt grew like snowballs in the Great Purges of the 1930s. The OGPU and the death penalty cut like a scythe through every level of Soviet life, from the highest councils of the Kremlin down to obscure switchmen's shacks and the plowshares of distant farms. When it lurched to a halt, the *chistka* had involved millions—some guess as many as 7,000,000 Russians—uncounted numbers of whom disappeared into Siberian slave camps or before firing squads. Out of the purges came a stronger, more solidly entrenched tyranny—and an inheritance of fear and vengefulness.

Program for Pogrom

In his Jerusalem flat, Rabbi Klemes let himself down into a comfortable chair and tuned in the radio. "Tonight you will hear a recording of this morning's broadcast from Moscow," said the announcer. Frail old (74) Jacob Klemes, who had slipped out of Russia in 1934 after nine nervous years as Rabbi of Moscow, leaned forward, the better to hear his mother tongue. Half an hour later his housekeeper found him dead.

Rabbi Klemes had a son and a daughter in Moscow; both are practicing physicians. But it did not need a personal relationship for the announcement of the arrest of the Moscow doctors to make Jewish hearts everywhere miss a beat that morning. In many Jewish minds was the thought: So it has begun—the Soviet pogrom. In the trial of Rudolf Slansky and his ten Jewish Communist comrades last November on charges of "Zionism and bourgeois Jewish nationalism," there had been room for doubt. In their cynical ways the Communists might simply have been making a play for Arab support. They had taken pains to make a distinction between anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism. That distinction no longer exists.

Around the world, the news from Moscow stirred anxieties and activities:

BERLIN. Communist Deputy Julius Meyer, leader of the Jewish community (2,800) in East Germany, skipped into West Berlin with ten leading East German Jews and their families, after being interrogated by Red police.

BONN. West German officials expanded their "refugee airlift" to fly 7,000 Soviet-zone refugees, many of them Jews, from camps in West Berlin to the Bonn Republic. Jews who have been Communists will not be turned back, but neither will they receive full political asylum, entitling them to preferential treatment in housing, pensions and jobs.

AMSTERDAM. Applications of Jews wishing to leave The Netherlands rose from 3,000 to 4,000 in the past two weeks.

BUDAPEST. Hungarian police arrested Lajos Stoeckler, leader of the Hungarian Jewish community. The official Communist newspaper trumpeted that the dangers "of hostile, undermining activities" of Joint are much more imminent in Hun-

gary (many of whose top Communist rulers are Jews) than in the Soviet Union.

NEW YORK. The Communist *Daily Worker*, after first mumbling that there could be no anti-Semitism in Russia because it is prohibited by law, launched a tirade against "wealthy Jewish capitalists" and the "tightly knit group of Jewish members of the Wall Street finance capitalist strata."

Gathering Victims

Like doomed men in a death cell, the puppet rulers of Communist East Germany had waited for weeks, desperate to know which of them had been named for sacrifice. Last week one of them (perhaps only the first) found out. An eight-line announcement in East Berlin's *Neues*



EAST GERMANY'S DERTINGER
Only the first.

Deutschland said: "State Security Forces . . . arrested Georg Dertinger, Foreign Minister." Dertinger was accused of "hostile activity against the German Democratic Republic . . . carried out under orders from imperialist spy services."

Dertinger is not likely to stir up much sympathy. A Prussian cadet, then a newspaperman, he became a jackbooted member of the jackbooted *Stahlhelm* (steel helmet) organization before Hitler came to power. After the war, though apparently not a Communist, he became their stooge, useful at keeping his fellow Roman Catholics in line. He was rewarded by a visit to Moscow for Stalin's birthday in 1950, a high Polish decoration only last month for having signed away to Poland all German territory east of the Oder-Neisse rivers, and a congratulatory telegram only a few weeks ago from Andrei Vishinsky.

With Dertinger into disfavor went a dozen top bureaucrats, four of them Jews. Included: Max Keilsen, chief of the Soviet Union section of the East German Foreign

Office, and his wife Greta; Peter Floring, head of the East European section; Georg Handke, East German ambassador to Red Rumania. Even Premier Grotewohl himself, appeared to be in danger. Secret Police Chief Wilhelm Zaisser acted without Grotewohl's orders in arresting his Foreign Minister.

ECONOMICS

Healthy Steel

Whatever else is ailing in Europe, the steel business is in good health. The Continent's production hit 100 million metric tons in 1952, an alltime peak. The U.N.'s Economic Commission for Europe reported last week, Western Europe turned out nearly 58% of that amount. However, the Iron Curtain lands are coming up fast: in 1952 their production is said to have risen 14%, while the West's rose 8%. Britain, with 16.4 million metric tons, is still the largest steel producer in Western Europe, and gained nearly a million metric tons. Together, the U.S. (85 million metric tons in 1952) and Western Europe outproduce Russia and her satellites by 3 to 1.

WESTERN EUROPE

Innocence Abroad

In his 9½ months as Premier of France, Antoine Pinay seldom saw a foreigner, and was, in the eyes of one diplomat, "absolutely innocent of foreign policy." From Bonn last week came a well-authenticated report that shed new light on the innocence of the little tanner from St. Chamond.

In the last days of his government, Pinay tried to arrange a secret meeting with West Germany's Konrad Adenauer at an old chateau outside Paris. Purpose of the meeting: to discuss renegotiation of the European Defense Community treaty. Adenauer was assured that Foreign Minister Robert Schuman would not be present. Facing a political crisis over Schuman's demand for unequivocal ratification and parliament's demand for amendments, Pinay hoped to escape his troubles by working out a deal with Germany.

Chancellor Adenauer sent one of his aides to Paris to sound out the French further, and what he learned disturbed the Chancellor. Adenauer turned down the invitation to the meeting on the grounds that 1) he is opposed to new negotiations before ratification, and 2) any discussion without Schuman would be improper.

A few days later Pinay fell. In his place came René Mayer, and one of Mayer's first acts was to oust Good European Schuman (*TIME*, Jan. 19). Last week new Premier René Mayer promised that parliament would soon have a chance to examine the EDC treaty, along with protocols which he said would modify but not basically change the treaty. Back home in the little world of St. Chamond, tanner Pinay went over his factory accounts, and considered whether to run for mayor again in the spring municipal elections.

THEY SATISFY *AND HOW!*



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Pearsall L. Rogers MULLINS, S. C.

AND NOW—CHESTERFIELD FIRST TO GIVE YOU SCIENTIFIC FACTS IN SUPPORT OF SMOKING

A responsible consulting organization reports a study by a competent medical specialist and staff on the effects of smoking Chesterfields. For six months a group of men and women smoked only Chesterfield—10 to 40 a day—their normal amount. 45 percent of the group have smoked Chesterfields from one to thirty years for an average of ten years each.

At the beginning and end of the six-months, each smoker was given a thorough examination including X-rays, and covering the sinuses, nose, ears and throat. After these examinations, the medical specialist stated...

"It is my opinion that the ears, nose, throat and accessory organs of all participating subjects examined by me were not adversely affected in the six-months period by smoking the cigarettes provided."

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OLD FORESTER

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FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

By a Little Finger

As the time of the coronation draws nearer & nearer, that bright, brittle corner of London known as Mayfair becomes more conscious of its intimacy with royalty, more jealous of its standing. Last week Mayfair's tongues were wagging, and they all seemed to be saying that no one in all of Mayfair is striving more mightily to shine in the reflected dazzle of the crown jewels than that personable American named Douglas Fairbanks Jr. "He simply becomes electric when there is any royalty around," said one of the actor's friends. "Entree into the Fairbanks' home," wrote a catty columnist in the *Daily Sketch* last week, "is a hundred times more difficult than getting a ticket for the coronation."

In the past few years, Doug, who calls himself an "international commuter," and his Virginia-born second wife (the former Mrs. G. Huntington Hartford, who succeeded Joan Crawford) have been more & more selective about the guests they choose to share their dining room. Abandoned are the ostentatious parties for 300 or more which Doug once gave in honor of such friends as Noel Coward and Earl Mountbatten of Burma. At No. 28, The Boltons, in fashionable South Kensington, the Fairbankses now confine themselves to more intimate affairs with a guest list whittled down to a mere 30 or 40. "There's no point in inviting people you don't get a chance to visit with," says Host Fairbanks, and a liberal sprinkling of titles, of course, is an essential concomitant.

No Sir for the Knight. Ambitious Doug Fairbanks Jr., at 43, has come a long way since he was merely the son of a famous father. Matching Senior's success in both Mayfair (the first Fairbanks took a British peerage for his third wife) and moviedom, Junior has managed as well to find fame & fortune as a dabbler in many other arts, including writing, painting, warfare, diplomacy and the cultivation of friends in high places all around the world. Franklin Roosevelt died on the eve of a scheduled appointment in which Lieut. Commander Fairbanks, U.S.N.R., was to have explained a plan to smuggle Doug and Allied agents by submarine into Japan, there to get in touch with the Dowager Empress (an old Fairbanks friend) and thus end the war. "The only way to plan a combined operation peacefully," said one British admiral, "is to include Fairbanks in the project from the start."

Doug, always an expert swashbuckler on the silver screen, earned the British D.S.C. as the only U.S. officer to command a flotilla of raiding craft for Mountbatten's Commandos, a chestful of other medals for service in seven major campaigns, and an honorary Knighthood in the Order of the British Empire for "furthering Anglo-American amity." When he

got his knighthood, his children prepared him a surprise—a leather case engraved "Sir Douglas Fairbanks." The new knight took it in stride when he learned that foreigners are not permitted to bear the prefix "Sir." "Oh, never mind about titles," he said. But he did take up a knight's coat of arms from the College of Arms.

Less honored denizens of Mayfair soon found characteristic ways of expressing their ill-concealed envy at the American's rocketlike rise in their rarefied atmosphere. At the bar in Whites, the most exclusive club in London, it became the churlish fashion to describe a badly mixed cocktail by saying: "It tastes as if Douglas had been polishing at least half his medals in it." Not long ago, Fairbanks in



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.
Mayfair's tongues were wagging.

impeccable white tie & tails strode into White's with a full complement of medals and orders gleaming on his chest. An effete British voice broke the hushed silence. "Enter Captain Hornblower," it said.

No Light for the Queen. Feline Mayfair smacked its lips in anticipation of revenge at last when it heard that Doug was trying to persuade his old Mediterranean Theater crony Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, to bring his wife round to The Boltons for "a jolly time." Surely, not even Fairbanks could bring that off. But last November the Queen accepted. The Fairbankses were in a state of jitters all day before the dinner. It was not eased when an unidentified voice, possibly a hoaxer, called to say that the power company was going to have to shut off their electricity that evening for emergency reasons. The lights stayed on, but a doctor rushed over before dinner to administer a sedative to the frantic host.

The party itself was not an unqualified success. Elizabeth found a crowd of rub-

bernecks waiting in the street outside when she arrived, and sat in stiff annoyance through most of the evening. Then somehow the news of her visit got into the *Times*'s social calendar next day. Since the *Times* seldom makes such an announcement unless the news is received from the persons directly concerned, society was in an uproar. But the Fairbankses had at least the satisfaction of knowing that Mayfair's indignation was mixed with a good measure of pure envy.

Last week the U.S. was getting a chance to sample the Fairbanks charm via TV. "He brings to a bottle of beer a global approach," said one New York critic after watching Fairbanks do a filmed commercial. Meanwhile, the beer was keeping Doug busy and bringing a tidy flood of dollars to Britain and to No. 28, The Boltons. "Socially and diplomatically," said Douglas Fairbanks Jr., "I find myself walking on a long tightrope. I have nearly slipped off it several times, but I managed to hang on by a little finger."

FRANCE

The Death of Oradour

The inns were crowded, and nearly every farmhouse had guests in the little French town of Oradour-sur-Glane, near Limoges. A special distribution of tobacco rations had brought many farmers in to town. Children, evacuated from Nice and Bordeaux, sat down to the midday meal with weekendening parents and relatives. At the Hotel Milord (Léon Milord, Prop.), lamb stew, a specialty of the house, was being served with a light, dry wine. There was excitement in the air and a buzz of conversation around the tables that sunny Saturday in 1944: just four days earlier the Allies had landed in Normandy.

Luncheon was ending when a German military convoy drove into Oradour. A few curious Frenchmen left the tables to watch the helmeted soldiers dismount. Two yellow and green camouflaged tanks took up a position in front of the 15th century church of Oradour. Then old Jean Depierreffe, the town blacksmith who was also the town crier, went through the streets calling on all inhabitants to assemble at the market place with their identification papers. The German soldiers began roughly turning people out of their houses. "Get up to the square," some of them shouted in French. The sick came in their pajamas. Marcelin Thomas, the town baker, appeared, stripped to the waist and still covered with flour, while Curé Jacques Loric strode along hatless. Mothers came pushing baby carriages. In less than 20 minutes, the populace was assembled, about a third of them children. Only then did the French notice that these were no ordinary Germans.

Choose Thirty. They were, in fact, a company of the SS division *Das Reich*, commanded by SS Major Otto Dickmann. Through an interpreter Major Dickmann

now called for the mayor of Oradour. "Monsieur le Maire, will you kindly designate 30 hostages?"

"Thirty hostages? Why, Major?"

"We have a report that arms are cached in Oradour."

"It is false."

"Nevertheless, we have the report. Please point out 30 hostages."

"I cannot designate any hostages. I can only offer myself and, if necessary, members of my own family."

The mayor spoke the truth: there were no arms hidden in Oradour. But the SS herded the men into six large barns on the outskirts of Oradour and drove the women & children into the church. A large smoke bomb was exploded inside the church and, as the women & children panicked, the SS men mowed them down with machine guns. The explosion of the smoke bomb was the signal for the soldiers stationed outside the barns to fire point blank into the massed groups of men. The soldiers then walked in among the fallen bodies, firing with their pistols on any that seemed alive. They piled hay and heeding over the bodies and burned them. Systematically they set fire to every house in Oradour. Mounting their trucks and tanks, they moved on toward Normandy.

Place of Agony. So that no one shall forget Oradour, the remains of the little French town have been left exactly as they were the morning after the massacre. The ruins wind around the hill, making a jagged silhouette against the sky. Chickens peck at the damp grass, but there is no other life and, except for the bubbling River Glane, it is utterly silent. Houses gape everywhere, empty save for a few fire-blackened skeletons of beds, bicycles, stoves, the remains of a sewing machine, a charred pot and kettle hanging over a roofless hearth. Outside the church, a rusty iron cross supports a silvered, half-life-size figure of Christ. Beneath one of the glassless windows, a sign proclaims: "Madame Rouffanche, only escapee from the church, escaped through this window." A little farther, the market place stretches bleak and bare. Notices on the burned-down barns read: "Place of agony . . . Be respectful." By final count, 245 women, 207 children and 100 men died in these ruins.

Last week in Bordeaux, slow-moving French bureaucracy got around to trying the murderers of Oradour: 21 former members of the *Das Reich* division—all who could be rounded up of the 150 who had taken part in the massacre. When Judge Marcel Nussy Saint-Saëns, in scarlet gown and white jabot, asked a woman with a young child to leave the courtroom, the woman replied: "Mr. President, I believe my child has the right to see the executioners of her father and grandfather." Eight-year-old Paule Tessaud was born six months after the death of Oradour.

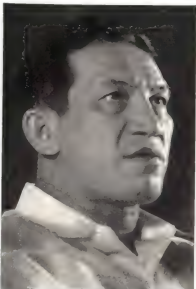
What was the reason for the senseless massacre of Oradour-sur-Glane? Not far away, there is another small town named Oradour-sur-Vayres, where, in 1944, French resistance fighters did, in fact,

hide arms. Did SS Major Dickmann mistake Oradour-sur-Glane for Oradour-sur-Vayres? No one will probably ever know. Dickmann was killed in Normandy a few days later, and his murder division—except for the glum handful on trial last week—was among those smashed in the Allied advance.

THE PHILIPPINES

The Mayor Returns

Like a "dope in shining armor" (his own description), a young man with a broken nose and a pair of dark glasses bounded into Manila's City Hall and plumped himself down at the mayor's desk. The broken nose, a football injury, belonged to Arsenio H. Lacson, 40, the ribald, rambunctious reformer whom Manilans chose as their first elected mayor in



Michael Rougier—Life

MANILA'S LACSON
A feather in his cap.

1951. Lacson was back at his desk last week after 73 days' suspension from office by Filipino President Elpidio Quirino.

A self-styled Don Quixote who trod on Quirino's toes by pushing his investigations of municipal graft embarrassingly close to the presidential palace, Lacson likes to boast that he "calls a spade a spade, and if necessary, a dirty, stinking, lousy shovel." Not surprisingly, it was his tongue (which a Manila hostess once suggested he should send to the laundry) that got him into trouble. Lacson was sued for libel—and gladly suspended by President Quirino—after he publicly denounced his deputy chief of police as "ignorant, an ignoramus and incompetent."

But the mayor of Manila won his case handsily. Last week the Philippines supreme court dismissed the alleged libel as "fair comment," and ordered Arsenio Lacson reinstated as mayor.

It was a black eye for Quirino and a bright new feather in cocky Mayor Lac-

son's cap. More important, the court's decision is a tonic for the thousands of Filipinos who applauded Lacson's cleanup campaign but who feared that corruption, in the courts as well as in the government, would quickly drag him down.

EGYPT

Dictator in Democracy's Name

In a few days Strongman General Mohammed Naguib would mark six months in power; Cairenes looked forward to three days of carnival and rejoicing. But in quiet corners at cocktail parties and intimate dinners of "informed circles," the whisper went: "Stick around, this thing isn't over yet. There are more fire-works to come."

They came with dramatic suddenness. A radio voice asked listeners to stand by for an important announcement. A few minutes later, Egypt resounded to Naguib's words, read by a cabinet minister: "I declare the abolition of all political parties and the confiscation of their funds . . . I declare the start of a transitional period of three years which will enable us to build on a sound, democratic and constitutional regime. As of today I will allow no tampering with the nation's interests." Then the government shut down seven pro-Communist publications, closed the offices of 22 banned political parties, and arrested 25 army officers and 12 civilian bigwigs "as a security precaution."

YUGOSLAVIA

Who's Against Tito?

Many pundits believe that the U.S. takes too long to nominate and elect a new President. Nobody could make that charge against Communist Yugoslavia; a dictatorship which is trying harder & harder to assume democratic trappings. One day last week Yugoslavia's Parliament met to select a President in line with the nation's new constitutional reforms. Sounding for all the world like a Balkan Alben Barkley, old Yugoslav Communist Jovan Veselinovic rose to his feet to place in nomination the name of that great statesman, that friend of the people—Marshal Josip Broz Tito. The Parliament cheered. Were there any other nominations? asked Speaker Josip Vidmar. The Parliament roared with laughter.

Within minutes, ballot cards were passed out bearing a single name—Tito. The members were told to underline the name if they favored Tito, cross it out if they were against him, leave the card untouched if they wanted to abstain. The 569 members marked their cards, gravely carried them to the front of the house and dropped them into the ballot boxes. Clerks tallied the count, handed the totals to the speaker. With an air of shocked surprise, he announced the result: 568 votes for Marshal Tito; one vote against him.

Who had dared to cast the dissident vote? Nobody knew. But many guessed: it might have been Tito, still hard at work preserving the appearance of democracy.

WAR IN ASIA

BATTLE OF KOREA

Victory for the Bootleggers

G.I.s of the U.S. 45th Infantry Division had an apt nickname for the ROK outfit that relieved them in the line last month: "Van Fleet's Bootleg Division." Bootleg it was, for while Washington had dithered, trying to make up its mind to expand the South Korean army from ten to twelve divisions, doughty General James A. Van Fleet had quietly fleshed out about nine new ROK battalions by rounding up every Korean draftee he could lay his hands on. To blood his raw battalions, Van Fleet fed them one by one into front-line ROK divisions; meanwhile, he levied on HQ companies and quartermasters' depots for equipment and staff officers.

Easy Meat? As soon as Washington made up its mind to authorize the increase, Van Fleet proudly announced: "We will be ready in two days to activate the 12th ROK division." Back from the front line he pulled his nine battalions; fresh from his 45 training schools came officers and NCOs. A month later, the Bootleg Division was on a 150-mile march to the front, under Brigadier General Yoon Chun Keun, 41, graduate of the Manchurian army academy, who was a regimental commander sitting on the 38th parallel the day the North Koreans opened the war.

To the veteran North Koreans dug in opposite, the Bootleg rookies seemed easy meat. Communist patrols probed aggressively; Red broadcasts taunted: "How do you like getting killed while the Americans are safe?"

Last week a Red offensive hit the Bootleggers' lines at midnight. One ROK outpost was overrun; Communist raiders poured into the Bootleg trenches. But the 12th stood fast, keeping a steady fire on the Red infantry, bayoneting those who broke through the barrage. At 1:40 a.m. the Communist attack fell apart; 94 North Koreans lay dead in the snow; hundreds more had been wounded. The Bootleggers' losses: 24 killed.

"These boys' tails are really up," reported Lieut. General Isaac D. White, X Corps commander, next day. Van Fleet was delighted. At a ceremony in Taegu, he celebrated the anniversary of the ROK army, which began seven years ago as a constabulary of 600 men. Full of pep and eleven divisions strong, it is now holding almost 70% of the U.N. line in Korea, doing most of the fighting and taking the brunt of the casualties.

Take It Easy, Mac

Edwin and Irwin Rietz, twins and 21, were drafted together a year ago in Rock Island, Ill. They were shipped to Korea together as medical corpsmen in the 40th Infantry Division. Neither got a chance to treat a battle case until Jan. 3, on the first anniversary of their induction.

That wintry morning, Corpsman Irwin Rietz was on duty in his first-aid station, close to the front line. Through the crump of enemy mortars, he heard a G.I. shout, "Medic . . . medic." and raced to the shallow trench where his first combat casualty lay. The wounded man's helmet had fallen over his face; blood oozed from a jagged hole in his breast. Irwin concentrated on all the things he had been taught to do. "Take it easy, Mac," said Corpsman Rietz as he ripped open the blood-soaked flak jacket and pressed dressings on the wound. "You're going to be all right."

"Then I saw his face," said Irwin afterwards. "It was Edwin."

Irwin Rietz followed his twin's stretch-



INTERNATIONAL
PRIVATES EDWIN & IRWIN RIETZ
A reunion in a trench.

er to a forward field hospital, stood outside while doctors worked to staunch the blood flow. A few minutes later a doctor came out.

"How is he?" asked Irwin.
"I'm sorry," said the doctor. "He's dead."

THE AIR WAR

Expensive Exchange

In last week's air battles over Korea, U.S. Sabre jets shot down 14 MIG fighters in flames, without the loss of a single Sabre in air combat. Nonetheless, the week's price was the highest paid by U.S. airmen in the past eight months. Eight wide-ranging U.S. Air Force planes were destroyed by Red gunners ("There was so much flak it looked like confetti," said a Thunderjet pilot). And Communist night fighters, guided by the Reds' accurate radar network, shot down two B-29s, each one carrying eleven crewmen.

MEN AT WAR

Squiggle of Honor

"I told them it was some sort of a mistake," said the bewildered hero, but his protest did no good. An antiaircraft private, even one about to be decorated, is not encouraged to argue with his division commander. So one day last week Private Walter N. Johnson was whisked from his battle post on Korea's western front and flown to Seoul. Bands were playing bravely as the 21-year-old Nebraskan was lined up with seven high-ranking U.N. officers at Eighth Army headquarters. Then His Serene Highness, Siamese Prince Pridi-bayabong Davakul, pinned to the private's chest the Silver Medal of the Crown of Thailand. What for? "I haven't the slightest idea," said Private Johnson, a veteran of only two months in Korea. "I never saw a Thailander before."

Back in Tokyo, a U.N. liaison officer offered a tentative explanation. "You see," he said, "some time ago the Thai government sent up a list of some 70 American soldiers it wanted to decorate for assistance to the Thai battalion. The list was written in Thai, which is a very difficult language. It has its own alphabet, which is very squiggly. I can't say for sure, but I've got a hunch that the medal in question was supposed to be given to some other Johnson." It was—to Private Walter N. Johnson, now back on his farm in Aplington, Iowa.

DANGER ZONES

Ready Warning

In World War II, Tokyo painted some buildings black to confuse Allied bombardiers. Last week, in one of those buildings, the Foreign Ministry, the Japanese took note of another threat from the skies. Japanese diplomats formally asked the U.S. to prevent "foreign military planes" from crossing Japan's frontiers. In a news release, the Japanese warned "the foreign power concerned" to stay away, left no doubt that they were referring to Soviet Russia, whose planes have been flying over northern Hokkaido for months. To the fighter pilots of Major General Delmar Spivey's Japan Air Defense Force went an order: give one warning burst of fire to intruders, then shoot to kill.

Until recently Spivey did not have enough fast planes or radar to issue such an order and make it stick. But ever since the Russians shot down an American B-29 within sight of Hokkaido last fall (TIME, Oct. 20), the Air Force has been stocking Hokkaido with F-86 Sabre jets, F-94 night fighters and up-to-date radar. News of any big shift of planes between Soviet bases in the Kurils or on Sakhalin, any significant change in training there—or, more important, any mass flight toward Japan—can now be flashed in seconds to Spivey's headquarters.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The central Italian village of Collodi (pop. 1,400), where Carlo Lorenzini ("Collodi") wrote the story of *Pinocchio* in 1880, has been collecting pennies from schoolchildren the world over to build a monument to its famous little wooden-headed citizen. Each contributor has received a certificate entitling him to tell one harmless lie a week without damage to his nose. Last week such a license was on its way to **Walt Disney**, who filmed the story of the puppet in 1939 and who had sent a contribution of \$160.

Washington legal circles learned that **Joseph C. O'Mahoney**, defeated in November for re-election as Democratic Senator from Wyoming will be one of the defense lawyers in the perjury trial of **Far Eastern Expert Owen Lattimore** next March. The full defense team will include old New Dealers **Thurman Arnold**, **Abe Fortas** and **Paul A. Porter**.

A pension-conscious reporter asked the Pentagon about the future pay of a few officers who are about to retire. The answer: Reserve Colonel **Harry Truman**, Field Artillery, will get retirement pay of \$12,56 a month. His old friend and aide **Harry Vaughan** will retire with 75% of his major general's base pay, plus a 40% disability claim, which will bring his monthly check to at least \$344.70.

Buckingham Palace announced that some of the Queen's old heroes would have their place of due honor at the coronation: **Viscount Cunningham**, former First Sea Lord and hero of the Mediterranean, will carry St. Edward's



THE O'DWYERS (AT MEXICO CITY BULL RING)
Irish on the rocks.

crown into the Abbey; Field Marshal **Viscount Montgomery** of Alamein will bear the royal standard; **Viscount Portal**, World War II Air Chief of Staff, will bear the scepter with the cross; and **Earl Alexander** of Tunis, Defense Minister, will carry the orb, a golden globe with jeweled cross, symbolic of the sovereignty of Christ.

Hair stylists in Washington detected a new trend in coiffures inspired by **Mamie Eisenhower** and her bangs. Customers from 16 to 60 were responding to an ad urging them to get the "Mamie Cut", and for those whose hair is too short for the Eisenhower cut, salons had false bangs available from \$5 to \$15.

The **Duke of Edinburgh**, Commander, R.N., who made his first solo flight last month, got some pre-coronation promotions from his wife, the Queen. He was named Air Marshal of the R.A.F., Admiral of the Fleet, Field Marshal of the Army.

Richard Nixon told a Washington columnist that he would prefer the full title of his office rather than the familiar term Veep, which was, he said, "a title of affection given to a fine man—Barkley—and like the uniform numerals which are retired with great football players. I think the nickname should go with the man."

Blonde **Patricia McCormick**, 23, who left Texas Western College two years ago determined to master the rugged art of bullfighting, survived her first "baptism of blood." The pert *torera*, who made her professional debut in Juárez last year and has faced some 20 bulls in small rings was practicing passes with a small but sharp-horned cow on a ranch near Aguascalientes, Mexico. In the middle of a pass, Pat snapped her cape too quickly. The

cow charged and gored her in the right thigh. In the hospital, where doctors treated a ten-inch gash, Pat said: "I can't wait to get out of here and fight bulls again."

Prime Minister **Winston Churchill**, vacationing under intermittent sun and rain in Jamaica, was presented with a key to the city of Kingston. It was the first time the city has ever given its symbolic freedom to a visitor.

After counting up the number of Harvardmen slated for jobs in the higher Eisenhower echelons (a dozen, including President **Dr. James B. Conant**, **Sinclair Weeks**, **Henry Cabot Lodge** and **Winthrop W. Aldrich**), the *Boston Globe* gleefully recalled some of Eisenhower's own campaign oratory last fall in Louisville, when Candidate Ike said: "It is high time that we had real and positive policies in the world that we understand . . . We are tired of aristocratic explanations in Harvard words."

In Mexico City, former U.S. Ambassador **William O'Dwyer**, 62, sent a statement to the press announcing what he has been denying for several months: his marriage to ex-Manhattan Model **Sloan Simpson** is on the rocks. The "marriage made in heaven" (1949) showed signs of cracking soon after ex-Mayor O'Dwyer refused to return to New York to answer grand-jury questions about his administration. There were also romantic rumors linking Sloan, some 25 years her husband's junior, to Millionaire Socialite **Fred Weicker** of the Squibb drug family. The week after O'Dwyer resigned his ambassadorship, Sloan moved out to live with a friend. Last week the Catholic Archbishop of Mexico approved the temporary separation "while a careful study is being made in regard to definitive canonical separation."



BULLFIGHTER MCCORMICK
One pass too many.



1. Ooma Goo Goo, Man from Mars, was short and strangely knobby. He set his flying saucer down in Statler's startled lobby. "I've come to look at Earth," he said. "I'd like to see the best, and I'd like to stay at Statler, where I'll really be a guest."



2. When Ooma Goo Goo saw his room, he shivered with sheer pleasure. "Is this for me? Oh, happy day! This Statler room's a treasure! So *that's* a bed—it's like a cloud! And everything's so clean! I wish my wife and kids were here—why, this is peachy-keen!"



3. They showed him how to draw his bath and what the soap was for. And once he understood, he wasn't frightened any more. He liked the way the whole room gleamed in spotless white array. In fact, he liked the bath so well, he stayed there half the day!



4. He went into the dining room and ordered up a meal. And when he tasted Statler food, he gave a happy squeal. "This Statler's quite a place," he cried. "They sure know how to cook! Why, Earth is *fun*, once one gets used to how the *people* look!"



5. And Ooma Goo Goo liked the fact that Statler was close by to shops and shows and all the things he wanted so to try. But then, alas, his time was up. With teardrops in his eye, "I'm coming back!" he promised—and he vanished in the sky.



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*Reader's Digest,
January, 1950.

**VICEROYS COST ONLY A PENNY PER PACK
MORE THAN BRANDS WITHOUT FILTERS**

MEDICINE

The Case of John Kidder

It was going to be a quiet vacation for John Faus Kidder and his family. John Kidder, a 31-year-old supervisor in a Du Pont fabric plant, spent the first few days close to his home in Fairfield, Conn., lazing on the beach and playing golf. He washed and waxed the car. Then his wife and three children piled into it for the drive up the Hudson River valley to Troy, where they were going to spend a week with his parents. On the way, they stopped at Hyde Park and saw the grave of the nation's most famed polio victim. It was the polio season, but the Kidders

totter style. As the bed head rises, the weight of the abdominal organs pulls down the patient's diaphragm. This expands his chest cavity, which his paralyzed muscles can no longer do, and pulls air into the lungs. When the foot of the bed rises, the abdominal organs press against the diaphragm and expel air.

Though John Kidder was earning a better-than-average salary, he could not have paid more than a fraction of the cost of his care. The Fairfield County chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and the national headquarters footed the bills. When it was clear that Kidder would never work at his old job again, his



PATIENT KIDDER & ROCKING BED
Once a week, a fifth for bridge.

William J. James

felt only the vague concern that all parents have for their youngsters.

After a night's sleep in Troy, the children were as lively as ever, but John Kidder had the sniffles and a splitting headache. Another day showed weakness in his right arm. John Kidder walked into a hospital and was put to bed. Since that day in June of 1951, he has never been able to get out of bed unaided. Polio, which is yearly taking a heavier toll of adults, had spared the Kidder children but struck the father. As he puts it: "From active good health I was transformed in two short days into a motionless hulk."

Weaned from the Lung. Last week Kidder was back in the little Montana town of Ronan (pop. 1,251), where he grew up. He had spent 54 days (most of them in an iron lung) in the Troy hospital, then 14 months at the Mary MacArthur Center in Massachusetts, where he was "weaned" from the lung and introduced to a rocking bed. This device, with an adjustable top like a hospital bed, has a motor which makes it rock in teeter-

wife sold the Fairfield house and the car and got ready to move in with her father, Ronan's Postmaster Knute Johnson.

Airlift, Fork-Lift. The Kidders helped to pay for a two-room addition to the Johnson house. Barbara Johnson Kidder had learned at the Mary MacArthur Center how to care for her husband. Last fall, everything was set. The National Foundation shipped out a rocking bed, a wheelchair, an iron lung, a portable respirator and oddments of other equipment. It arranged with the Military Air Transport Service to fly Kidder west. He made the trip in an iron lung (by a roundabout scenic route), with MATS supplying a fork-lift to heft him in & out of the plane's extra-wide doors.

John Kidder is almost completely paralyzed. He can move only his head and neck, and exert pressure with his right leg and foot. So the bottom of the rocking bed has a button switch that he presses with his toe to stop the motion, e.g., when the kids are playing in the room and a ball rolls underneath, and restart it. There is also a bulb-type air horn which

squawks like a duck when he presses it to summon attention.

Mrs. Kidder is training friendly nurses and family members to take care of John so that they can spell her for a few hours. The children—Susan, 9, Bruce, 7, and Tommy, 2—run in & out of their father's room with their friends, as naturally as if his illness was nothing unusual.

But John Kidder is not deceiving himself. He knows that medical science has no prospect of being able to make him well. He is simply determined to enjoy his life as he must live it. Usually he passes the day on the rocking bed, but he often gets into his wheelchair for family dinner. He reads a lot and has been given an automatic page turner. Once a week, four men come in for bridge. (It takes an extra man to handle Kidder's cards.) If the weather is good, he can go for a ride, wearing his portable respirator.

And each week, by dictating to his wife, John Kidder does a column ("Sittin' and Rockin'") for the *Ronan Pioneer* (circ. 1,425). This month, appealing for contributions to the March of Dimes, Columnist Kidder recalled his doctor's reassuring words early in his own illness: "Don't worry about the hospital expense, John—the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis will take care of it." It has. So far, in the care of John Kidder, the foundation and its chapters have expended at least 140,000 dimes.

Rejection Dyspepsia

Girls who do not get along with their fathers are likely to grow up sexually frigid, and when they marry they are candidates for indigestion and gallstones. Moreover, their husbands will probably take to drink or develop ulcers. These conclusions are reported by a Scottish physician in the eminent British *Lancet*. A painstaking Glasgow diagnostician, Dr. G. Gladstone Robertson did not go looking for patients to fit a prefabricated theory. Instead, he felt obliged to adopt the psychosomatic approach as the only way to explain the illnesses of hundreds of patients.

Dr. Robertson had a lot of men & women in his office complaining of indigestion before he noticed something odd. Nearly all the symptoms (acidity, distension, belching, nausea, vomiting) might be alike, but there was one consistent difference: the men had pain from the beginning of their illness, the women had all sorts of discomfort without actual pain, and nearly all were married.

Eventually, Dr. Robertson went over his records of 300 cases of "severe flatulent dyspepsia" and found only one man and three unmarried women. Of the married women in his records, all but six were frigid. One group of 128 had enjoyed marriage at first but then developed frigidity, often after having "too many" children. The larger group of 162 had been frigid all their adult lives. Dr. Robertson found that these were the women who as girls had hated a domineering or drunken father, and had clung to mother. As adults, five-sixths of them were still

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"There they go...must be pay day again"

I guess Bill and I hadn't realized what we were doing, until I overheard the children talking. They were right enough. Every pay day, the same old wrangling and arguing. So much for this debt. So much for that payment. And just squeezing through month after month. Never really enjoying any of the money we spent. And the big worry—never laying aside enough money for what might happen if the pay-check stopped coming.

So last pay day, I started the list with a new item. Bill read it in shocked surprise—"Living \$20."

"Easy now," I said, "that's the most important single thing we ever bought."

"You know, my dear, that small investment out of every pay-check is going to buy us something we have missed—badly. It's going to buy us some real living. It's going to free us from all this

arguing. It's going to protect us—in case anything happens to you. And tomorrow—we're going to find out where's the best place to start."

Bill was all interest. "Where would you start?" he asked.

"Well," I replied—"these youngsters of ours are going to college one day. That's one place to start. We have a mortgage on this house that needs protecting. That's another place. And, my dear, unless you want to work all your life—that's another place."

Fortunately, the man we talked to was from the Bankers Life Company with their Double Duty Dollar Plans, just the thing for people like us. Bill and I were both amazed to find out how much living we could buy, how easy it is to set aside an amount every pay day, when you make it the first item on the list.

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clutching mother's apron strings. And 23% of them developed gallstones.

Though there are links missing from the chain of cause & effect, Dr. Robertson is confident that disgust and nausea are two vital links. It does little good, he says, to give drugs to counter these patients' states of mind or interfere with the working of their glands, or, finally, to operate, because the illness has been fixed by years of conditioning. Dr. Robertson's name for it: "rejection dyspepsia."

A Mild Type of Flu

The winter flu flurry was on. The Army had already started giving the needle to all troops in Korea and those in the U.S. who had orders for overseas. Here & there across the U.S., civilian health authorities reported outbreaks of "respiratory infection," which some called gripe and some called influenza. The chances were that in most cases the disease was caused by the same virus that the Army's laboratories had isolated: influenza, type A' (pronounced, and often written "A prime"). If no other strain of flu virus shows up, there should be little occasion for alarm, since this variety of A' is one which rarely causes serious illness.

However, there were plenty of cases. At Indiana's DePauw University, 230 students out of 1,800 reported sick within 24 hours. The university shut down for a week. While state health officials labored to confirm the disease's identity, students were in no doubt. They dubbed it "gaumbo" and sometimes added a coughed syllable for emphasis.

New Mexico was as hard hit as anywhere. In Espanola, the schools were closed because 472 pupils were absent and 325 more had to be sent home because they started running fevers. Many another town closed its schools. In Santa Fe, nearly every family had at least one victim of the fever. But doctors (many of them ill too) agreed that everybody was getting better fast.

Capsules

¶ Fearful that infectious hepatitis (jaundice) is being spread in all civilized countries by virus in blood and plasma, the World Health Organization issued a global warning: blood donors should be more carefully screened for jaundice carriers, and doctors should give transfusions only when absolutely necessary.

¶ Snow shoveling can be bad for the heart, especially if done too fast, said two Springfield, Mass. physiologists after doing some figuring. The shovel itself weighs about 5 lbs., a load of dry snow adds 3½ lbs., and wet snow adds up to 17½ lbs. Shoveling wet snow with might & main for ten minutes strains the heart as much as running up 61 flights of stairs. Their advice: "Shovel slowly."

¶ Cortisone is extremely useful in many eye infections because it prevents scarring of the cornea, but it has no power to kill the germs. Now the Upjohn Co. has combined cortisone with the antibiotic neomycin, expects the two-way treatment to be especially valuable in pinkeye.

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The Kings Are Dead . . .

Ever since Australia's Frank Sedgman and Ken MacGregor turned pro, tennis fans have wondered which of the lesser lights would succeed to the world's amateur tennis titles. Last week, in the Australian championships at Melbourne, four 18-year-old youngsters supplied the answer, winning four of the five titles at stake, and sharing in a fifth.

Ken Rosewall, the prodigy who at 17 upset U.S. Davis Cup Captain Vic Seixas in the U.S. Nationals, did it again last week. Next day Rosewall became the youngest player ever to win the men's



AT Gresham Tennis Union
AUSTRALIA'S ROSEWALL
Four out of five.

singles title by blasting a relative veteran, 22-year-old Davis Cupper Mervyn Rose, 6-0, 6-3, 6-4. Then Rosewall and his 18-year-old sidekick, Lewis Hoad, walked away with the doubles crown. Gaspard Rose: "What will he be like in another couple of years?"

In the women's division, it was the U.S. which had the winning youngsters. Maureen Connolly, the 1952 champion of Wimbledon and the U.S., whipped California's Julie Sampson, 6-3, 6-2, for the Australian singles title, then teamed up with her defeated opponent to win the doubles. Mixed doubles winners, the U.S.'s Sampson and Australia's Rex Hartwig, an older of 20 who finally managed to dent the 18-year-olds' monopoly.

The U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, taking due note of three straight Davis Cup losses to Australia, last week liberalized

its amateur code to conform with that of other nations. U.S. players, heretofore limited to eight weeks' subsidized barnstorming a year, may now compete in an unlimited number of tournaments, all expenses paid. Still under discussion: a rule, modeled on Australia's, which would permit U.S. amateurs to earn their own keep by working for such interested employers as sporting goods firms.

End of an Era

When the N.C.A.A. introduced the free substitution rule for football back in 1941, the theory was that more boys would be able to play, injuries would be reduced and smaller colleges would get a chance to make the best use of their football talent. In practice, things worked out just the opposite. More boys played, but they became the robot-like specialists of the two-platoon system; injuries increased because the players never got a chance to warm up again after riding the bench; and more than 50 colleges quit football because they had neither the money nor the manpower to support the huge two-platoon squads. Last week, abruptly ending an unhappy era, the N.C.A.A.'s football rules committee abolished the two-platoon system, gave the game back to the all-round man—and the spectators.

Reaction to the new substitution rule* was immediate, often indignant, but generally downright delighted. Surprisingly, some of football's big-time coaches, who have the money and manpower to benefit from the two-platoon game, were in favor of the change. Said Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson: "It's in the best interests of the game. The two-platoon system has a tendency to make big teams bigger and little teams weaker." Colorado Mines' Coach Fritz Brennecke saw other benefits: "It will reduce the pressure on recruiting and finances . . . Everyone will have to know how to block and tackle."

Coaches opposed to going back to football fundamentals had a harder time explaining their position. Southern Methodist's Rusty Russell, who bosses a 150-man squad, sputtered: "I don't like it . . . Who's going to keep books on the players?" Wisconsin's Ivy Williamson, whose team lost in the Rose Bowl, could only mutter that "football won't be the same without the two-platoon system. It made for a better game." Said Ohio State's Woody Hayes, whose 90-man squad gets its practice for only an hour and 20 minutes daily: "We simply cannot train a boy to play offense and defense in that time."

But even today's players, nursed along as specialists and weaned on two-platoon play, have turned against the system. Speaking for the majority, Columbia's record-breaking Passer Mitch Price explained: "You get a psychological lift

* Gist of the new rule: a player, once taken out of the game, may not return until the next period, except in the second and fourth quarters, when he may return for the final four minutes of play.

from playing both ways. You're in the game more, and if you're pushed around on offense, you get a chance to even up on defense." Added Dartmouth Coach Tuss McLaughry, who coached Brown's famed "Iron Man" eleven of 1926: "The basic philosophy of the two-platoon system has been all wrong. Now we can go back and play the game like it was for 75 years . . . the way it ought to be played."

Money Player

"I'm better under pressure than most," says Golfer Lloyd Mangrum, "because I'm a ham at heart. I'm also a gambler at heart, and I'll take a chance rather than play it safe. It's always better to be a winner." Mangrum was talking about golf's hottest current winning streak: five



George B. Elliott
GOLFER MANGRUM
Five out of six.

straight tournaments (in Australia and the U.S.) and close to \$11,000 in prize money since November.

Looking like the gambler he claims to be—lean, tanned, well-tailored, and sporting a trim mustache—Mangrum has long played in the shadow of the Hogans, Sneads and Nelsons. Seldom winning the big ones, but plugging along at his trade with the gambler's instinct for the law of averages, Mangrum manages to play in more tournaments and win more money than any other touring pro. With winnings, exhibitions and bonuses, he figures that in the past five years he has earned some \$300,000 from his golfing talents.

Notably superstitious in a game notorious for its fetishes, Mangrum concedes enough to tradition to attribute his latest streak to a new driver shaft, specially made for him: "It took me 15 years to figure out the best shaft for me, and I

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believe I finally have it." A better explanation is his own steady game, carefully modeled on the best points of the past masters: the booming woods of Sam Snead, the deadly accurate putts of Harry Cooper, the chip-and-pitch artistry of Johnny Revolta, the long irons of older brother Ray Mangrum.

Big Break. Like most topflight golfers, Texas-born Lloyd Mangrum started as a caddy. And like most, he found that cracking the pro circuit was a discouraging business. For three straight years Mangrum missed meals, slept in flea-bag hotels, and was grateful when he was lucky enough to pick up \$50 in a match. In 1940 he got his first break: an invitation to play in Bobby Jones' Masters Tournament. Mangrum, then 25, blazed an opening-round 64, the best recorded up to that time in major-tournament play, and still a Masters record.

Mangrum's golfing career was roughly interrupted by World War II. From D-day at Omaha Beach, through France, Germany and Czechoslovakia, he picked up three Purple Hearts and four battle stars as a reconnaissance sergeant in Patton's Third Army. He also got a badly crushed shoulder and a broken arm from a jeep accident. But Lloyd Mangrum, durable and determined, returned to the tough tournament grind convinced that "golf is a cinch compared to what I went through in the war." His first year back, playing for the U.S. Open title, golf's most coveted prize, Mangrum coolly sank a 75-ft. putt in the final round to stay in the running, then won a tense triple playoff from Byron Nelson and Vic Ghezzi.

Big Business. Strictly a playing pro and hating to teach, "I charge \$50 an hour, so even my friends will leave me alone." Mangrum travels 40,000 miles a year by car, another 40,000 by air in pursuit of the tournament dollar. Money-Player Mangrum's biggest kick: the \$22,500 he won in two weeks in 1948 at the "world championship" at Chicago's Tam O'Shanter, his home course.

Mangrum's wife, his constant traveling companion, acts as business manager and secretary. "I need her," explains Mangrum. "This is big business." But at 38 Mangrum no longer feels that he is up to the demands of continuous tournament play. He also feels that the competition is tougher than in Ben Hogan's heyday.

Those who have been trying for years are now coming into their own," he says. "I used to be that four or five good players would take all the tournaments. Now there are 30 or 40 potential winners. That means you've got more players snapping at your heels all the time."

Last week, playing in the \$10,000 San Diego Open, Mangrum finally showed the strain of his recent winning spree. After a fine opening-round 68, he slipped to a fourth-place finish (\$840). (The winner, just as Mangrum predicted: up and coming Tommy Bolt, 34, unknown two years ago.) But Mangrum, who once said of Ben Hogan, "the little man is the only one in golf I've ever feared," is still the man to beat in any tournament he enters.



BIG BEVO (WITH BALL)
In the Hog Pen, forced feeding.

Running Wild

Clarence Franklin Francis is 6 ft. 9 in. tall, and he was rated such a natural basketball prospect on Ohio's high-school circuit that he was offered athletic scholarships by some 60 colleges. Now 20, married and the father of a five-months-old son, gangling "Bevo" Francis chose southern Ohio's obscure little (enrollment about 125) Rio Grande College because 1) it was willing to overlook the fact that Bevo had not graduated from high school, and 2) he wanted to follow his high-school coach, Next Oliver, to college.

A fortnight ago in the "Hog Pen," Rio Grande's dilapidated gymnasium, Bevo ran wild against Ashland (Ky.) Junior College. During the closing five minutes of the game, Coach Oliver shouted instructions to his players, ordering them to foul their opponents deliberately so that Rio Grande could get the ball and "feed" Bevo. Bevo's final total: 116 points, an intercollegiate scoring record for one game.

Last week, again feeding Bevo the ball at every opportunity, Rio Grande defeated Bliss College (Columbus), 102-53. Big Bevo scored 51 points and ran his season total to 1,072. It gave Bevo, who has just finished two high-school courses on the side, another college record, breaking the single-season mark of 1,051 set by Seattle's little (5 ft. 9 in.) Johnny O'Brien (TIME, Jan. 19), who sets his records in basketball's major leagues.

© From Anheuser-Busch's Prohibition-era near beer of the same name. Clarence's father, a clay miner in Hammondsville, Ohio, drank so much of it that he was known as "Big Bevo." "Little Bevo" grew so fast that he soon appropriated his father's nickname.



EASY STREET - 1953

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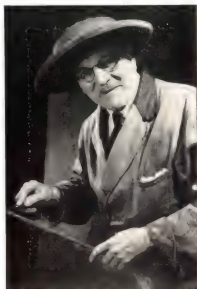
Write for illustrated folder No. 5

RADIO & TV

A Bloody Marvel

In London last week, the BBC somewhat nervously invited Sir Gerald Kelly to take charge of a TV tour of an exhibit of Dutch pictures at the Royal Academy. Sir Gerald, a peppery, blunt-talking, 74-year-old Irishman, is famed both as president of the academy and as painter of over 40 portraits of his wife ("I paint her because I don't think anyone has a prettier wife," he once explained).

The program got under way with a staid ten-minute monologue by the staid BBC's Edward Halliday. Then Sir Gerald broke into Halliday's lukewarm praise of a Rembrandt self-portrait. "My dear fellow," he boomed, "that's a bloody work of genius." Pointing out a drop of water on a tulip.



Douglas Cross—London Times
SIR GERALD KELLY
He goes all goo-goo.

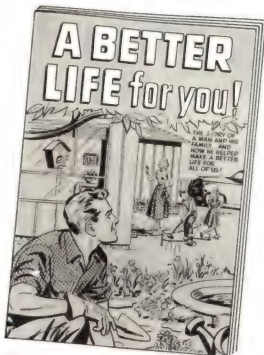
Sir Gerald cried: "Look at that confounded drop of water. Looks as if it might fall off any moment. That's sheer damned skill." Of Rembrandt's *A Man in Armour*. "I just go all goo-goo when I stand in front of it. It is one of the finest pictures in the world. In fact, it's a bloody marvel!" The program had now run 20 minutes over schedule, but Sir Gerald added: "You know, I get excited and carried away every time I come here. You must come and see the pictures. I get tight just looking at them. Come and see them. We've got more in the kitchen."

Shocked by all this uncensored enthusiasm, especially Sir Gerald's uninhibited use of "bloody" and "damned," BBC sat back to wait for protests. It is still waiting. Most of the letters from listeners urged: "Let's have more of Gerald Kelly. Attendance at the exhibit increased sharply. But the London *Daily Express* prominently editorialized that Sir Gerald "brings honor neither to his position nor to himself by

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descending to the use of vulgar expletives." Commented unrepentant Sir Gerald: "Did I say that the *Man in Armour* was a bloody marvel? Well, it is a bloody marvel."

Birth of a Memo

In Hollywood four months ago, Desi Arnaz sat down in solemn conference with a battery of pressagents, including a man from the sponsor, Philip Morris. Their problem: how to squeeze the maximum of publicity out of the fact that Desi's wife, Lucille Ball, was going to have two babies — one in real life, the other in their filmed TV show, *I Love Lucy* (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). Suddenly inspiration struck one of the experts. Lucille would have to have her real baby by Caesarean section, wouldn't she? Then the date on which the Arnaz baby was to be born could be predicted, couldn't it? Then why not let TV art copy Holly-



LUCILLE BALL & DESI ARNAZ
It's a boy—regardless.

wood life by having both infants—the real Arnaz baby and the fictitious Ricardo baby—born on the same day?

Delicate Matter. Inspired, the pressagents drew up a five-part memo titled "Various Aspects of the Ricardo Baby in the *I Love Lucy* Publicity and Promotional Campaign." In the protocol, all present swore "that there must be absolutely no word about the baby released out of any office before Dec. 8." Only then were 40 million televisioners to be let in on the secret of Lucy's pregnancy. Plans were laid to tie in the show with the Columbia record of *There's a Brand New Baby* at our *House* and *I Love Lucy*, both sung by Desi and played by his orchestra. All the pressagents promised to bombard newspapers, magazines and wire services with

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feature stories. CBS was given a special assignment: "The matter of filming the pregnancy story was so delicate that three clergymen were present to see that everything was in good taste and would offend no one: Kahli Wolf for the Jewish faith, Monsignor Devlin for the Catholic Church, and the Rev. Clifton Moore for the Protestant faith . . . CBS will handle the story."

Secret Gimmick. Almost everything in radio & TV needs a gimmick, and the memo had one. It was called "The Secret Gimmick about the Baby's Sex." This, too, required an inviolate pledge of secrecy until the release date this week: "The Ricardo baby will be a boy regardless of the sex of the actual Arnaz baby. Of course, if the Arnaz baby does happen to be a boy, then all writers and editors can assume that the producers of *I Love Lucy* are clairvoyant and possessed of sheer genius. If it happens to be a girl, the story (and the truth) is that Desi was so set on having a boy . . . that he went ahead and filmed the Ricardo baby as if it were, regardless."

Finally, the pressagents edged up to the portentous problem of what to do about notifying the gossip columnists: "Walter Winchell should be alerted to be given the first news of the Arnaz baby. We will phone the news to him, since he will be expecting the phone call. When he is alerted, he is to be told nothing of the gimmick but, when he receives the phone call, and not before, he will be given the story of Desi's thinking concerning the Ricardo baby. Of course, the news of the Arnaz baby will be given out simultaneously to Louella, Hedda, Johnson, Graham, all the wire services and all the local dailies. But the story of the gimmick as released to the other outlets will be a follow-up . . . to give Walter an edge."

This week, Lucille Ball got around to doing her part. As television's Lucy Ricardo she was rushed off to the hospital to give birth to Ricky Ricardo Jr. As Lucille Ball Arnaz, she entered Hollywood's Cedars of Lebanon Hospital and gave birth to another boy. His weight: 8 lbs. 9 oz. His name: Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 23. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Aida*, with Milanov, Barbieri, Del Monaco, London.

Youth Wants to Know (Sun. 1 p.m., NBC and NBC-TV). TIME's Publisher James Linen questioned by teen-agers.

The Telephone Hour (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). With Violinist Jascha Heifetz.

TELEVISION

This Is Show Business (Sat. 9 p.m., CBS). George S. Kaufman returns.

Hall of Fame (Sun. 5 p.m., NBC). Katina Paxinou in *Socrates' Wife*.

Jack Benny Show (Sun. 7:30 p.m., CBS). Featuring Violinist Benny, backed by a 50-piece orchestra.

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BULK-HANDLING THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

The Love of Four Colonels (by Peter Ustinov) does something to brighten a dun-colored season, but not much to further the dramatic art. The first play of London's precocious, prolific Peter Ustinov to appear on Broadway, a play is precisely what *Four Colonels* cannot be called. In essence it is a series of parodies set inside a framework of fantasy; and like most jokes that last all evening, it would far better keep earlier hours. But playwright Ustinov at his best is witty and at his next-best rather gay, and Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer are sometimes helpful where he is not.

The play introduces four army colonels — U.S., British, French and Russian—in



LILLI PALMER & REX HARRISON
Inside a fantasy, a series of parodies.

a disputed zone in postwar Germany. Seated round a table, they spar with one another while the playwright spoofs them all. But politics is only the appetizer; the main course is sex. Enter now the good and bad angels of the four men, to conduct them to a neighboring castle where the Sleeping Beauty lies. Each man shall have a chance to wake and win her with a kiss, and each may choose his own ideal time and place for the trial. Having kidded the colonels, Ustinov now kids their national drama. The Sleeping Beauty is wooed in vain in a French period comedy, an Elizabethan verse-play, a languid bit of Chekhov, a Hollywood melodrama.

These playlets let the two stars caper at will, with Rex Harrison providing some brilliant bits while Lilli Palmer exerts her lure in all wigs and weathers. If Ustinov's talent wobbles, his tone remains fixed: as both satire and fantasy, the play is always fizz and never high-falutin.



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MUSIC

An Oriental in Paris

Even in the steamy climate of Indochina, the spark of music burns bright. For the better part of three decades, delicate, dark-haired Louise Nguyen Van Ty nursed hers in the environs of Saigon, finally coaxed it to the point where she thought it might ignite a cosmopolitan audience. This week, with Paris' noted Lamoureux Orchestra, she played the piano solo in her own *La Fête du Têt*.

The music, descriptive of the Indo-Chinese New Year's Day, savored strongly of the Orient, with moments of mysterious atmosphere, trombone blasts to describe a "menacing tiger," rumbling drums for a "creeping dragon," and an



Pat English

PIANIST VAN TY
Trombones for a tiger.

anthem-like "Song of Hope" for its finale, Said Conductor Jean Martinon: "A very nice talent."

If Louise's father had not learned about Western music in Paris, his daughter's music might have been entirely in the native singing style. But when she was six, he decided she should learn to play the piano, bought her a metal-bodied, warp-proof (but tinny-toned) instrument. By the time she was twelve she had learned everything the sisters in a local Roman Catholic missionary school could teach her. After four more years of private lessons, she went to the Paris Conservatory. She soon found that her talents lay in the light-fingered piano music of Mozart, Chopin and Fauré, that she would never have the power to pound out a Rachmaninoff concerto. Weighty romantic music never appealed to her anyway: "I feel as if I'm wearing a coat that is too heavy for my shoulders."

Before she left for home, Louise began to compose. Back in Saigon, she married Nguyen Van Ty, an engineer who has since become a Viet Nam delegate to the Assembly of the French Union. She

spent the next 15 years there, giving piano lessons and an occasional recital, jotting down native dance tunes and turning them into her own compositions. Eventually, she abandoned the Western seven-note scale in favor of the Oriental five-note kind, but her music still had some of the impressionist quality of Debussy and Ravel.

When her husband was sent to France in 1951, Louise and the two children went along, and she began to compose in earnest. Her biggest (year-long) musical problem to date: scheming up the orchestral part for *La Fête*. Although she was unfamiliar with the instruments, she visualized a solution. "To me," she says, "an orchestra is like a palette of a painter. I see the instruments as colors: trumpets are red, violins are green, flutes are blue."

Sound of the Antarctic

For most composers, growing old means growing mellow. But for England's Ralph Vaughan Williams, 80, the process is reversed. Last week the Hallé Orchestra unveiled his seventh symphony, *Sinfonia Antartica*, and it proved as bleak as its title. Public and press, long accustomed to warmth in Vaughan Williams, went away with a case of chills.

But the composer knew what he wanted. For five years he had been haunted by a movie, *Scott of the Antarctic*, for which he did the musical score, and he set out to re-create its frigid atmosphere in a symphony. He used a few of his themes from *Scott*—whales go lolloping by in the woodwinds, penguins waddle in the brass—plus the eerie sound of wordless women's voices. For the first time in his career he experimented with a whistling wind machine and a clanging vibraphone.

Most of the audience seemed vague about what it all meant, but were won over by the massive orchestration, applauded for five minutes. A mountain-climbing enthusiast approved: "On the top of a mountain, you get exactly the same feeling. If he can get that over, he's terrific." Old Composer Vaughan Williams was vaguest of all about the performance: his hearing aid broke down early in the concert.

Prince of Angels

In a day when governments (but not the U.S.) and philanthropic foundations have all but taken over the art-patron business, Manhattan's Lincoln Kirstein, 45, is a pillar of individualism. In the past 20 years he has spent close to half a million dollars of his own money to commission and produce new music and ballets, chiefly for the vigorous New York City Ballet and its forerunners. To Patron Kirstein last week came a fittingly symbolic award: \$500 and a citation from Manhattan's Capezio Inc., the U.S.'s largest makers of ballet slippers, "for distinguished service to American Dance."

Kirstein hardly needed the money, but the citation was no more than his due. No



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man has done more to put U.S. ballet on its toes.

Dancers from All Over. Ever since he graduated from Harvard (1930), Lincoln Kirstein has been pushing his close-cropped head and broad shoulders into the arts. As the son of the board chairman of Boston's Filene's department store, he could afford to lose money on his ventures, and often did. Among them: the expensive, respected but short-lived highbrow magazine *Hound & Horn*, Harvard's Society for Contemporary Art, a novel, a book of poems, a scholarly book on the dance.

At 25, Kirstein faced up to it: ballet interested him most of all. He found that existing U.S. dance troupes were far from good enough. "They were ragged and individualistic, with no particular style because their dancers came from all over," He decided to start a school. Out of his School of American Ballet came the American Ballet Company, which danced at the Metropolitan Opera for three years, the touring Ballet Caravan (1936-41), then Ballet Society (1946-48), and finally the New York City Ballet.

An Actual Profit. "I knew that it would take ten years to establish a company based on one style," he says. "Once I got the school going, the rest was inevitable, just like a chemical reaction." He decided the style should reflect the elegance of the European court ballet tradition, and that the man to furnish it was famed Russian Choreographer George Balanchine. Kirstein induced him to leave Europe (where he had been Diaghilev's chief choreographer) and take over both the school and the performing companies.

"We are selling about 70% of our seats every week now," says Kirstein. "I don't have to spend money except for commissions." Next week the troupe will finish the longest run (twelve weeks) any ballet company has ever had in the U.S., and should wind up with an actual profit.

Lincoln Kirstein is now managing director of the New York City Center, with theater and opera groups also under his wing. He aims to raise these two groups to the same level of esteem the ballet troupe has won. Kirstein already has blueprints for a new Manhattan theater building with room for a ballet school, theater workshop and an opera studio. When will it be finished? "Within ten years." Its chances of success? "A sure thing."

New Pop Records

Everywhere Bandleader Ray Anthony plays these days, dance halls develop a tremor under the thud of teen-age feet. The reason: a vigorous new conga-style dance number called *The Bunny Hop*, in which every verse ends with "Hop! Hop! Hop!" For Anthony, it all started last spring, when he heard that the Coke set of San Francisco's Balboa High School had worked up the dance. Anthony contrived a tuneless tune, recorded it (for Capitol), ordered a batch of fuzzy bunny ears to give a touch of costume and started plugging song & dance across the U.S. In cooperation with parents, who



Richard Week

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN
In ten years, a sure thing.

regard the dance as relatively sedate, if energetic, disk jockeys and Capitol press-agents have built *The Bunny Hop* into a minor teen-age mania.

Other new pop records:

Lyrics by Ira Gershwin (Nancy Walker, Louise Carlyle, David Craig; Walden LP). A fetching collection of ten off-beat tunes with lyrics ranging from innocence to sophistication. Only three are by Ira's brother George; the others are by Vernon Duke, Kurt Weill, Aaron Copland, Jerome Kern, Arthur Schwartz.

Old Curiosity Shop (Victor LP). Stagy old recordings, dating from 1911 to 1929, that should bring mist to many an eye. Among the performers: Maurice Chevalier (*Valentine*), Helen ("boop-a-doop"), Kane (*I Have to Have You*), Marlene Dietrich (*Falling in Love Again*), Fanny Brice (*My Man*), Gloria Swanson (*Love*). Added features: monologues by Will Rogers, De Wolf Hopper and John Barrymore.

Broadway's Best (Jo Stafford; Columbia LP). Several of these eight songs deserve to be ranked with the "best," e.g., *Embraceable You*, *Night and Day*, *Come Rain or Come Shine*, but not even Jo's pretty voice is appealing enough to survive the grief-stricken tempos.

City of Glass (Stan Kenton; Capitol LP). Somebody obviously threw a stone at this musical city: it is full of prismatic rubble and glittering shards of sound. But its four movements are among the best of Kenton's symphonic experiments, frequently stimulating (some of them closely related to such modern symphonists as Roger Sessions), and played with a virtuosity that a symphony orchestra might envy.

I Want to Your Wedding (Spike Jones; Victor). Spike lowers the boom on this one, and about time, with an outrageous vocal by "Sir Fredric Gas." Fun for a while.

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RELIGION

Words of the Week

"Our honored and eternal Father, in deep humbleness and gratitude we approach thy holy throne in prayer . . .

"We are deeply grateful for this glorious land in which we live. We know it is a land choice above all others—the greatest nation under heaven. We thank thee for liberty—for our free agency, our way of life, and our free institutions . . .

"We acknowledge gratefully the unselfish service of those who have preceded us, especially the founding fathers of this nation . . .

"Our heavenly Father, bless richly, we pray thee, thy son and servant who has been chosen by the sovereign people of this great nation to serve as their Chief Executive. Our Father, wilt thou endow him and all of us with a deep spirit of humility and devotion. We know that without thy divine help we cannot succeed . . .

"We ascribe unto thee the praise, the honor and the glory for all we have achieved or may accomplish. Gratefully we dedicate our lives to thee and to thy service: guide and direct us in our deliberations today, and always help us to serve with an eye single to thy glory . . ."

—Prayer delivered last week before the first informal meeting of Eisenhower's Cabinet by Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture.*

Just Wait, Brother

Twenty-three years ago this month, a youthful-looking Seventh-Day Adventist preacher stood up before his small and struggling congregation in South Los Angeles to appeal for funds. "Now, brethren," he said, "I've been telling you for some time that God wants me on radio . . . I want you to prove that I'm not lying and that I do know what God wants." A collection of rings, watches and old jewelry netted just enough to put the Rev. Harold M. S. Richards on the air the next week. He has been broadcasting steadily ever since.

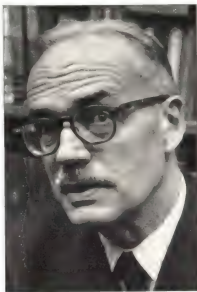
By now, Evangelist Richards' *Voice of Prophecy* program has become an international production, broadcast in eleven languages over 845 stations. There is a 110-man staff at work in the Voice's Glendale headquarters, and one of Richards' weekly sermons draws an average 14,000 letters from his world audience. After the *Lutheran Hour* (carried by more than 1,000 stations), the Adventists' program is the most widely heard religious broadcast in the world.

"Man Alive . . ." Broadcaster Richards, 58, is a friendly, hard-working man with a habit of calling everybody "brother." His father was also an Adventist evangelist, and Harold got his start at 17, preaching at Adventist "campaigns," i.e.,

revival meetings, in the U.S. and Canada. His first parish was a tiny, tar-papered church in Ottawa, where he boosted the congregation from 8 to 120.

Back in the U.S., he took his wife on the road with him, through long preaching campaigns, mostly in California. In 1928, at Fresno, he campaigned for nine months straight. He preached for 45 minutes seven nights a week, for the whole time. ("Man alive, we had a number of big baptisms out of that one.")

Adventist authorities took a dim view of Richards' radio program at first. But by 1937 it was going so well that Pacific Coast officials of the church urged him to put the Voice on a coast network. In 1942, with the whole church behind him, Richards began preaching on a national



Ernie Stauf

EVANGELIST RICHARDS
"I do know what God wants."

hookup (Mutual), and the next year began to line up foreign stations.

Noah Was Warned. Through the years, the formula for *Voice of Prophecy* has changed very little. Evangelist Richards steers clear of specific Adventist dogma,* concentrates instead on basic talks about the Bible, interspersed with oldtime hymns sung by the King's Heralds, a male quartet. He knows his Bible well—he has read it cover to cover 31 times—and his sermons are highly concrete discussions of the Bible's application to daily life. Says he: "We believe that there are things in the Bible that prophesy what is happening today and that tell of the coming of the Kingdom of God . . . God doesn't let the world get caught napping, brother. Look how he warned Noah. He

* And a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormon) since 1943.

* E.g., that Saturday, the Old Testament Sabbath, rather than Sunday, is the proper day of rest and worship, and (as Baptists also hold) that baptism must be by immersion.



Which one belongs in a sailor's dungarees?

OF COURSE, you're familiar with the knife in the center (1)—the handy pocketknife small boys long for.

But do you know the uses of all the other knives shown here?

The farrier's knife (2) is used to trim inside a horse's hoof before a shoe is fitted. With the budding knife (3) the nurseryman can insert a tiny bud from a heavy-bearing peach tree under the bark of a no-good seedling to produce a tree bearing luscious fruit. The ring-knife (4) is used by packing clerks—for snipping off cord.

You'd be apt to find the rigging knife (5) in a sailor's dungarees. He uses the blade for cutting rope and the marlin spike for splicing.

The cigar maker uses the handleless blade (6) in finishing up a stogie. And the long thin pocketknife (7) is used by citrus layers and growers to slice through an orange or grapefruit—to see if the crop is ripe and juicy.

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has warned us and it's in the Bible."

To encourage Bible study by his listeners, Richards runs three free correspondence courses in religion, one for children and two for adults. Students take a test at the end of each lesson, which is then sent in for grading.

The Bible course is now printed in 46 languages, and the number of students offers some testimony to the size of Richards' radio audience. Currently, 1,500,000 are enrolled—500,000 more than the Adventists' total world membership. Still, Evangelist Richards and his staff are not content. He and the King's Heralds plan a round-the-world campaign this summer, with the emphasis on Africa. A fortnight ago, the Voice hooked up with seven radio stations in Japan. Says Adventist Richards, who cheerfully runs his \$1,000,000 operation on a salary of \$65 a week: "Brother, you just wait. We'll keep on growing & growing until we've reached everyone."

El Paso Whinging

The Rev. William Wright, 48, rector of St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church in El Paso, lives in an area where Christian belief is strong and fundamental. Wright himself prefers a more intellectual approach toward religion, and says so. Recently, in a speech to the El Paso Bar Association, he declared that reason is as good a guide to religion as faith is. He denounced fundamentalist camp meetings, popular in West Texas, as "emotional whingings that provide a vacation from thinking." Added Episcopalian Wright, attacking belief in Biblical accounts such as that of Jonah and the whale: "Who does believe those stories that has any mind at all?"

Fundamentalists replied quickly and in anger. Said the Rev. Harold W. Morris, preaching to his First Church of the Nazarene congregation: "We believe all that he makes fun of." Pastor David Calhoun of Immanuel Baptist Church warningly quoted St. Paul (1. Timothy 4:1): "Some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits." Wrote an angry letter writer to the El Paso Times, in a flood of protest mail: "I may not have as many college... degrees to my name as [Wright], but I have one degree, a God-conferred degree of B.A. (Born Again), which man did not give."

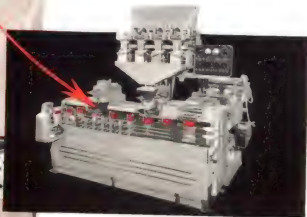
Rancher Joe Evans, a Baptist layman who has organized some of the Southwest's most successful camp meetings (TIME, July 30, 1951), was especially shocked. Camp meetings, said he, represent "real, undefiled religion." He added: "If the Episcopal Church endorses the things Wright said in his address to the lawyers, I think they are fundamentally unsound in their belief and doctrine."

This week, while El Paso's fundamentalists still fumed, the Most Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill, presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church, announced Pastor Wright's appointment as director of the home department of the church's National Council. Wright's new job: developing Episcopal missions in the U.S.

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Collection, Henri Matisse
MATISSE'S "LARGE SEATED NUDE" (1925) & "VENUS IN A SHELL" (1930)
 At the end, a writhing mass.

Painter with a Knife

The world knows and honors Henri Matisse for his color-drenched canvases. But, at 83, France's ailing master is anxious to be known for his work in another medium before he dies: his sculpture. There isn't much of it, and only rarely has it been shown. Last week London's Tate Gallery gladly obliged the old man with the largest exhibit of Matisse sculpture ever shown, 49 pieces, almost all of his output in clay and bronze.

Matisse's knife might never challenge his brush, but his work is still something any sculptor could be proud of. He began in 1899, at the age of 20, and worked in fits & starts until 1930, never long enough to develop a steady style. The gleaming bronzes at the Tate alternate between muscular realism and cubist distortion, are smooth and rough, delicate and grossly bulky. Yet each reflects the Matisse eye for form.

From Tigers to Torsos. Up to 1905, Sculptor Matisse is reasonably realistic and plainly the student of Rodin. There is a precise, crouched *Tiger* done in tense, slashing planes, a half-sized *Slave*, weary and hangdog. His women are more expressionistic, seem more like mere sketches for future work. His nude *Madeleine*, *Nude Leaning on the Hands* and *Reclining Nude in Chemise* are roughly scooped out to emphasize a side-slung hip, the languid sag of a relaxed body.

From 1906 on, Matisse's sculpture became more & more distorted as he flirted with cubism. The Tate exhibit shows a vigorously lumpy *Reclining Nude*, a small *Torso with Head*, unnaturally sway-backed, with cubes for breasts. As in his paintings, Matisse often did several studies leading up to a final sculpture; there are four heads of *Jeannette*, the first a

standard, lifelike portrait, the last a fiercely distorted impression, squeezed and hacked out of shape.

And Back Again. For several years Matisse dropped his knife. When he picked it up again, the cycle was the same: first realism, then a gradual swing forward until his bronzes became as stylized as his canvases. Matisse's *Head of Marguerite* (1915) is sharp and delicate, his *Large Seated Nude* (1925) a study in flat, glossy planes. At the end of Tate's exhibit are his two final works: *Venus in a Shell*, long-legged and featureless, her arms drawn up behind her head, and *Tiara*, a writhing, lumpy mass of hair and head. Their date is 1930, and as far as the world knows, Matisse has never done another sculpture.

London's critics hurried to the show, paid their respects to the master. Said the *Times*: "Very obviously the work of

an exploring, ruthlessly experimental, and intensely serious mind." Matisse himself was on the French Riviera, propped up in bed and drawing a little. The show was his own idea. He had even designed a catalogue cover and an exhibition poster to go with it.

Life in Williamsburg

When John D. Rockefeller Jr. set out to restore the old colonial capital of Williamsburg, Va. back in 1926, he guessed the job might take as much as \$5,000,000 to complete. It was a vast underestimation. For one thing, Rockefeller decided to spend \$6,200,000 on accommodations for tourists. Then, to insure proper colonial atmosphere, the tracks of the Chesapeake & Ohio R. R. had to be moved, and all telephone and power lines buried underground. Building costs and land values started climbing. And the overall scope of the project grew; at first, Rockefeller aimed to restore only the old buildings that remained, and to re-create a few government structures. Then he determined to revive Williamsburg completely, brick for brick, from colonial maps.

Last week Colonial Williamsburg Inc. reported the results of 25 years' work: almost \$30 million of Rockefeller money has been spent to bring the old town back to life; 82 of the crumbling buildings have been completely restored; 341 more have been built up from scratch on old foundations—and the job is far from finished. Still on the agenda: 97 projects costing another \$15 million, including a reconstruction of the first theater in colonial America, with 18th century stage machinery and props.

Villagers in Manhattan

Manhattan's galleries were off to a flying 1953 start with some 30 new shows open last week. Gallerygoers could choose to see almost anything from mild Bermuda landscapes to bleak views of the Arctic or carvings from the Congo. But the stand-out exhibition was home-town work: 110 paintings by two Greenwich Village women who rank among the top U.S. artists. Both are considered abstractionists, but

MUSIC TO SEE

The now common practice of trying to please museum visitors' ears as well as their eyes was pioneered by the Toledo (Ohio) Museum of Art, which began combining concerts with art exhibitions back in 1914. Last week Toledo pioneered again, by staging the first comprehensive show of illuminated music manuscripts ever held in the U.S. One of its finest items (lent by the Cleveland Museum of Art) is reproduced on the following page. Below the figure of Christ enthroned in a huge capital A is the opening of a hymn which begins, "*Aspiciens alonge, ecce, video dei potentiam*" (As I look from afar, behold, I see the power of God). The square music notation is a style still used for Gregorian chant.

Among Toledo's more out-of-the-way exhibits were an illustrated treatise on music by the 6th century Roman Boethius (better known for his *Consolations of Philosophy*), and an early Coptic manuscript which appears to indicate a tune by different colored notes rather than by their positioning. But most of the 103 items on view are leaves from Roman Catholic choir books, illuminated over long years of cloistered devotion by medieval and renaissance monks. They echo Byzantine mosaics and foreshadow modern art. The monks' forte was to make flat, ingenious patterns of a few brilliant colors; school-of-Paris painters do the same.



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the term covers a lot of ground and their paintings are as different as cumulus and calculus. The two.

LOREN MACIVER, 43, who started painting her personal world with a child's vivid imagination at three and is still going strong. A shy, blue-jeaned figure who roams Manhattan in winter and enjoys the seacoast in summer, she paints sand dunes, dilapidated beach shacks, blistered city sidewalks and budding trees. Most of the time her subjects become misty, almost phosphorescent fantasies. Sometimes she turns sharply realistic and does a meticulous study of a battered window shade or a pair of old shoes. One of her best: Emmett Kelly, a sympathetic portrait of the sad-eyed circus clown.

L. (for Irene) RICE PEREIRA, 45, is a handsome, green-eyed woman who dresses more like a Paris model than the paint-spattered artist she is. Moreover, she can



Collection, Mr. & Mrs. S. R. K. New Yorker
Maciver's "EMMETT KELLY"
From cumulus to calculus.

turn from painting to writing esoteric poetry, or to giving a public lecture on abstract art, without batting an eye. When all goes well, Pereira sings as she paints; when things go badly, she cries and rages, complains of a sense of paralysis in her painting arm. But her pictures have no moods. They are as studied and frigidly precise as geometrical progressions: brilliant, carefully plotted blocks, lines and dashes done in endless variation with a few primary hues. Pereira's main effort since the war: painting simple patterns on layers of fluted and rippled glass, then placing these one on top of the other so that the refracted light jabs through as a dazzling, and sometimes eye-straining, spectrum.

The New York Times gave both show and artists a hearty cheer, spoke warmly of Pereira's "radical innovations," of Maciver as "a poet whispering of simple and humble realities." Moreover, added the Times, "they are still young . . . and it is quite possible that their best and most significant work lies ahead of them." Next stop for the show, after two months in Manhattan: museums in Des Moines, San Francisco and Dallas.

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Our Fathers' God . . .

Gazing out his window at Andover Theological Seminary, a young divinity student suddenly reached for pencil and paper and began to write words to a tune that had been running through his head.

*My country,—'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing . . .*

Samuel Francis Smith did not guess just how popular his *America** would be, or that it would become the nation's best-known patriotic hymn. "Such as it is," he wrote years later, "I am glad to have contributed this mite to the cause of American freedom."

Last week, after 121 years, Samuel Smith was still contributing his mite, but this time to another sort of cause. Three months ago Brooklyn Lawyer Arthur Levitt, a member of New York City's school board, proposed that New York schoolchildren sing parts of Smith's anthem at the start of each day. Up until then, the mention of God had been practically taboo in the public schools, and Levitt had offered his idea as a substitute for a regular morning prayer, to which secular groups strenuously objected. Last week, after months of worried debate, the school board made the proposal official. Henceforth, each morning, New York City's pupils will at last be able to pay homage to God through Smith's words:

*Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing . . .*

* The tune, also used for *God Save the King*, was already an old one. Some scholars say that Dr. John Bull wrote it in 1619; others insist that it was written by the Scottish composer James Oswald in 1743. As far as Smith was concerned, however, the tune was a German one—Prussia's *Heil Dir im Siegerkranz*.



COMPOSER SMITH
Another mite to contribute.

Culver



Norm Bergina

PLEASANT GROVE DEMONSTRATORS
Also parades, mock funerals and repainted jalopies.

"We Just Went to Sleep"

There is really nothing strange about the teen-agers of Pleasant Grove, Texas, but they were behaving in a strange way last week. Instead of the usual signs—"Caution—No Brakes!" "Don't Laugh, Mister. Your Daughter May Be Inside!"—they had daubed their jalopies with the earnest words: "We Want Our Schools." The slogan was cried at special mass meetings, chanted through the streets in impromptu parades. But in spite of all the agitation, the doors of Pleasant Grove's six schools remained firmly closed all week, and no one, from the superintendent on down, seemed to know how to get them open again.

The closing of the schools was perfectly legal. To all intents and purposes, the citizens of Pleasant Grove had done the deed themselves—but they had done it unintentionally. What they had really wanted to do was to place their schools under the control of their big and wealthy neighbor, Dallas, which had already taken over everything but their schools.

Bottled in Bonds. For some months Pleasant Grove had been considering the transfer. Many people were convinced that if Dallas would only take over, better schools and lower taxes would result. Furthermore, the Dallas school board hinted that it might eventually be willing to annex Pleasant Grove. Then the Dallas board began running into trouble with its new \$24 million bond issue. By Texas law, the Dallas district could not expand an inch until all its bonds were sold.

While waiting for that happy day, Pleasant Grove's own school board went on with its regular work. For one thing, it chose a site for a new high school, and in the process began condemning the land of several prominent property owners. The property owners promptly decided that the only way to stop this sort of thing was to bring the annexation issue to a head. They began circulating petitions calling for a special election, hired a hillbilly

band to rally support. When election day came, a few interested citizens dutifully trooped to the polls. By a slim margin, they voted to abolish the Pleasant Grove school district and, with it, the Pleasant Grove school board.

Chief Without Indians. Confronted with the election results, the school board felt it no longer had the authority to run the schools. Its last official act was to close them down. With that, the rest of the town began to wake up. "We just went to sleep," cried Pastor Randall Odum of the First Baptist Church. "We didn't think it could happen."

Nevertheless it had happened, and to everyone's surprise, the town's 4,000 schoolkids didn't like it at all. Instead of taking a holiday, they held mock funerals for their district, lowered the high-school flag to half-mast, smeared red paint over the house of one of the leading abolitionists. Meanwhile Superintendent Dale Douglas ("I'm a chief without Indians!") began appealing to the county superintendent for help, and was told that the county could only take over small communities with 125 students or less. At week's end the citizens of Pleasant Grove had but one course left: to call another election and vote their school district back into existence.

School for School Boards

As most public-school superintendents and other taxpayers well know, many school boards are composed of public-spirited, well-intentioned citizens who don't know the first thing about overseeing a school system. Such boards often meet in secret and in ignorance, raise hob with sound budgets, scare off competent instructors, fiddle while schoolhouses crumble and educators burn. Many a board keeps no minutes of what good or ill it does.

The deficiencies of some 400,000 U.S. school-board members are a familiar worry to Dr. Woodson W. Fishback, 43, an associate professor of education at South-

ern Illinois University (3,036 students) in Carbondale. About three years ago, Fishback had an idea: most school boards might profitably go back to school to learn what their jobs are all about. From the University of Chicago's researching Midwest Administration Center Dr. Fishback got funds to set his project rolling.

Of some 400 school boards in 31 counties around S.I.U., 16 were willing to go along with Fishback's "pilot study." Limited by his funds, he cut his list down to six town boards. Quizzing their 44 members, Fishback found that one board met privately whenever it felt like having "a heck of a good time" hashing over town gossip. Another believed its only duty was to "pass on maintenance of buildings." was astounded to hear that every facet of local education lay within its province.

When Fishback began his course last September, he got his recruits to agree to stick with it for a whole school year, do prescribed reading and field studies, hold an open meeting about once a month, keep minutes for analysis. With S.I.U.'s Educational Research Director Jacob Bach to help him make the rounds, Fishback is often on the road three nights a week. He encourages boards to define their duties and powers, patiently coaches them on such matters as public relations, budgets, expanded school facilities, staffs.

By last week Woodson Fishback's project, going strong without loss of a single board member, was beginning to look like a small, significant landmark in U.S. education. To his "students," Fishback fired a fat new reading list of 35 books and pamphlets; he was also arranging four mass forums for them. To the school officials involved, the transformed boards, once of little or no help, are becoming enlightened allies. Said neighboring Murphysboro's delighted Superintendent William Caruthers: "Never . . . have I seen a school board take such an interest in finding out what schools are doing. They are actually reading books on school practices."

Why Is College Dull?

Year after year, as headmasters and college deans see the process repeated, they ask themselves: Why do so many prep-school graduates find the first two years of college so dull? Why do so many able students seem to fall asleep?

This week, after a year of research, a special committee of six educators from three prep schools (Andover, Exeter, and Lawrenceville) and three universities (Harvard, Yale, and Princeton) finally had an answer. For most students, says the committee's report (*General Education in School and College*: Harvard, \$2), the first two years of college are a "serious waste of time."

After studying the college records of 344 Andover, Exeter, and Lawrenceville alumni, the committee found that, in college, the boys were merely repeating the work they had done in school. About one in every three was taking an introductory course in American history for the second time; an even larger number was repeating elementary physics, biology, or chem-



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istry. "Furthermore, the great majority of the prospective concentrators in engineering or the physical sciences spent four years, two in school and two in college completing elementary physics and elementary chemistry . . ." Concluded the committee: "The basic weakness . . . is the failure of the school and college to view their jobs as parts of a continuous process.

Duplication is not the only weakness the committee found. Whether repeating themselves or not, most of the boys are not getting as much out of college as they should. Superior students suffer from having to keep pace with the dull ones and too few ever learn just what a liberal education is all about. What U.S. education needs, says the committee, is a complete overhaul of the years between the second year of prep school and the third year of college. Among its suggestions

¶ Colleges should not "devote time and energy to elementary drill . . . The secondary schools, both public and private could and should be responsible for the 'stage of discipline' in the fundamentals . . . The pendulum has swung too far in some quarters against the older ideas (abused as it was) that some things are and must be mainly 'preparatory' to others in education."

¶ "In the foreign languages, the great waste . . . is that the job is very seldom finished." Henceforth every student should be required to master at least one foreign language, not just to pass some sort of reading examination, but to be able to speak and read with ease. "It is time . . . to call a halt to this retreat toward monolingual isolationism . . . It is hardly necessary . . . to elaborate the statement of Goethe that 'A man who knows only his own language does not know even that.'"

¶ The teaching of mathematics is "ready for drastic alteration." Instead of the old prep-school curriculum of two years of algebra, one of plane geometry, and one of either trigonometry or solid geometry, schools should place more stress on broad mathematical principles. They should trim away some of the excess fat, condense such topics as complex numbers and logarithmic solutions of triangles in favor of the more enlightening study of calculus and statistics.

¶ In literature, schools and colleges should eliminate the duplication found on their reading lists. But it is the school's job to cover the "fundamentals of our literary heritage . . . Without familiarity with the Bible, classical mythology, and great epic and legendary material, intelligent reading at the college level is exceedingly difficult."

¶ Whatever his field, the able student should be made to travel at a swifter pace, and if he can cover eight years of work in seven, he should be encouraged to do so. It is time to break the current "academic lockstep" and to make students stretch their minds by plunging into advanced work. "With all that there is to learn and all that there is for eager men to do, it is nothing short of wicked to let our better students go to sleep."

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Headline of the Week

In Britain's Northumberland *Halt-whistle Echo & Weekly News*:

THE 20-YEAR-PLAN FOR HALTWHISTLE:
TOWN WILL BE VERY MUCH AS IT IS TODAY

Decision Reversed

When the Atlanta *Constitution* (circ. 171,500) ran a fact-packed series on sloppy state traffic enforcement, Superior Court Judge Horace E. Nichols took out after the paper. He demanded that the paper print the evidence he submitted to prove that the series was wrong. *Constitution* Editor Ralph McGill refused. High-handed Judge Nichols forthwith cited McGill and Managing Editor William Fields for contempt of court, fined them each \$200 and sentenced them to 20 days in jail (TIME, May 12). Last week, in what the *Constitution* called "a historic decision," Georgia's supreme court unanimously overruled Judge Nichols' decision.

Said Supreme Court Chief Justice W. H. (for William Henry) Duckworth: the "records justify every conclusion stated [in the paper's series] . . . [There are] no grounds whatever to sustain a conviction for contempt . . . The judge was utterly without power to require or compel publication . . . without pay [of the proof] he requested them to publish . . . If a worthy judge may employ contempt-of-court process to silence unjust criticism . . . then this same rule would enable an unworthy judge to silence the press in just criticism . . ."

Battle for the Freeman

As an editor and president of the fortnightly *Freeman*, John Chamberlain, 49, was prepared from the start for people "either to love or hate us." But he never expected the two groups to form right on the magazine's own staff and fight it out in the *Freeman's* offices on Manhattan's Madison Avenue, as they were doing last week. Before the war broke out, the *Freeman* had reached a measure of success in its determination to be the best-known "right-wing magazine of opinion" in the U.S. In two years its circulation had climbed from a scant 6,000 to close to 22,000, and it was slowly edging its way into the black.

Sacred Character. The trouble really started after *Freeman* Editor Henry Hazlitt brought Forrest Davis, ex-Saturday *Evening Post* Washington editor, to the magazine. Instead of being Hazlitt's man, Davis had ideas of his own on how to run the magazine, and Chamberlain and Managing Editor Suzanne La Follette generally agreed. In short order Hazlitt had a falling-out with them. Among other things he also objected to putting out the "kind of magazine in which McCarthy is a sacred character." In October Hazlitt, *Newsweek* contributing editor and onetime (1934-46) New York *Times* editorial writer, resigned, though he had the backing of

other director-stockholders.* Said Director Lawrence Fertig, *World-Telegram* and *Sun* economic analyst: "The *Freeman* became intemperate . . . It should have been convinced by logic and reason, with less shrillness, less direct hysteria."

On many other issues the directors and editors disagreed. For example, Editors Chamberlain and Davis supported Senator Taft for the Republican presidential nomination and Managing Editor La Follette was pro-MacArthur. But some of the directors were for Eisenhower, and wanted the magazine to stay neutral until after the convention. In another disagreement, when the editors planned a fund-raising dinner, lined up \$60,000 in advance and invited Taft to speak, the board vetoed the plan because of "all the dissension."



EDITOR HAZLITT
A certain authority.

Through the presidential campaign, the *Freeman's* readers waited for an all-out editorial endorsement of Ike Eisenhower, but it never came.

Strong Emotions. To the *Freeman's* editors, the stockholders' insistent demands for a change in the editorial tone of the *Freeman* smacked strongly of "interfering with freedom of the press." The directors replied that since their money was behind the magazine, they had some rights in deciding what kind of magazine it should be. Said Editor Davis: "The *Freeman* is a militant magazine appealing

* A board of 18 that has included the editors of the *Freeman*: Economists Leo Wolman, Ludwig Von Mises and Leonard Read; Importer Alfred Aulberg; Armstrong Cork Board Chairman Hening W. Prentiss Jr.; Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Vice President W. F. Peter, and others. The *Freeman* is also in debt for \$200,000 in notes. Two noteholders: Du Pont Vice President Jasper E. Crane; Sun Oil Co. Director and ex-President J. Howard Prew.

to strong emotion . . . The directors want to make it a quiet, semi-academic review of economics."

This week at the annual director-stockholder meeting, *Freeman* Treasurer Alex L. Hillman, successful publisher (*Pageant*, *Mosieland*, *People Today*), announced his resignation because "it has been almost impossible for the past six months to run the magazine." With the board lined up against them, Editors Chamberlain, Davis and La Follette also resigned. Then the directors present unanimously brought back Henry Hazlitt as top editor. As soon as Hazlitt assembles a new staff he expects to recreate a *Freeman* with a quieter voice. Said he: "I want to put out a journal of opinion which will represent the older liberalism and that puts emphasis on liberty of the individual . . . and conduct it with a certain authority." Ex-Editors Chamberlain, Davis and La Follette immediately began discussing starting their own new magazine.

TIME Changes

T. (for THOMAS) S. (for STANLEY) MATTHEWS resigned as editor of *TIME* to take a new editorial assignment from Henry R. Luce, editor in chief of *TIME* Inc. Matthews will survey the editorial possibilities of a *TIME*-in-Britain—a new creation which would grow out of the U.S. news-magazine formula. Such a *TIME*-in-Britain, if Matthews' explorations prove fruitful, would be as major an innovation as *LIFE EN ESPAÑOL* (*TIME*, Dec. 20). *TIME* already publishes four foreign editions—Canadian, Atlantic, Latin American and Pacific—which are basically composed of editorial material of the U.S. edition. Matthews came to *TIME* 23 years ago as book editor, was appointed managing editor in 1943 and editor six years later. In his new assignment, he will make his headquarters in the *TIME & LIFE* Building in London.

J. (for JOHN) DANA TASKER resigned as executive editor of *TIME* to join Cowles Magazines, Inc. (*Look* and *Quick*), where he will fill the new job of editorial director. Tasker, an Amherst graduate ('25), taught English and coached track at Deerfield Academy before he joined the *Reader's Digest* as an associate editor. He left for *Newsweek*, which he edited three years, joined *TIME* 15 years ago. He was named assistant managing editor in 1946 and executive editor in 1951. While on *TIME*, he has been editor of most of *TIME*'s departments at one time or another. Since 1939, he has had the chief responsibility for *TIME*'s pictures and make-up, and personally developed *TIME*'s distinctive style of cover portraiture. A year and a half ago, he was given the assignment of working out the present full-color picture program and the weekly *NEWS* in *PICTURES* section.

Said Cowles Magazines' President Gardner Cowles in announcing Tasker's appointment: "He will be the top editorial executive in the company with responsibility for the proper functioning of the *Look* editorial department and the *Quick* editorial department."

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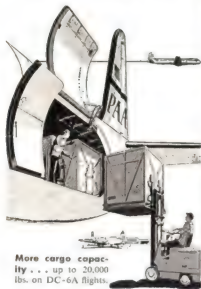


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SCIENCE

Terrible Turbidity

One of the mysteries of the ocean is the long, deep gorges that wind across the continental shelves like submerged river valleys. Oceanographers thought at first that they were really valleys cut by ancient rivers when sea level was lower, and flooded by the rising water when ice-age glaciers melted. This theory went out of fashion when improved sounding methods showed that some of the streamlike channels lead down to the ocean floor itself three miles below the surface. The level of the ocean could never have fallen as low as that.

A more recent theory has it that the gorges were cut by "turbidity currents," i.e., rivers of mud on the bottom. When a slope of loose material is disturbed—by an earthquake, for example—mud and sand get mixed with the water. Since the turbid mixture is heavier than clear water, it flows down the slope, eroding a valley just as a river does on land. This was known to happen in lakes, and many oceanographers believed that the same thing happened deep under the ocean.

Cable Trouble. In a recent *American Journal of Science*, Bruce C. Heezen and Maurice Ewing of Columbia University buttress this theory with a neat bit of historical research. In 1929 a strong earthquake shook the continental shelf 450 miles east of Nova Scotia. It cut a whole sheaf of telegraph cables in a peculiar way. Six cables went out at the same time, but others did not fail until many hours later.

Heezen and Ewing appealed to Western Union and other cable companies. Just as they hoped, the companies had made careful studies of the costly disaster 24 years ago and had kept all the records. As each cable failed, the exact second of its failure was recorded by instruments on land. Other instruments determined accurately the position of each break. More information came from the repair crews. Long sections of some of the cables had been carried away and lost. Other cables were buried deep under mud and sand.

Bit by bit, Heezen and Ewing reconstructed what must have happened on that day of undersea commotion. The sea bottom near the epicenter of the quake is rather irregular with many comparatively steep slopes of loose material. The quake must have jolted this detachable stuff, starting slumps and landslides that cut the nearest cables at about the same time.

Racing Mud. The trouble did not stop there. The stirred-up mud and sand got mixed with water, and the heavy turbid fluid raced down the continental slope like an enormous river more than 100 miles wide, cutting cable after cable. By plotting the time and place of each cable break, the oceanographers could estimate closely how fast the turbidity current flowed. On the sloping continental rise (at the foot of the continental slope), it

raced at 50 knots (57.6 m.p.h.). More than 13 hours later, when it cut the last cable 300 miles to the southeast, the mud was still flowing at 12 knots (13.8 m.p.h.). It must have spread for hundreds of miles over the flat ocean floor.

This reasoning is supported by the fact that many cables were not merely broken but buried by the mud flow. Heezen and Ewing believe that many such flows, racing for hundreds of miles through the still depths of the ocean, have carved the gorges on their slopes. The "deltas," where their finest material finally settles down, are the flat plains that form the floors of many deep ocean basins.



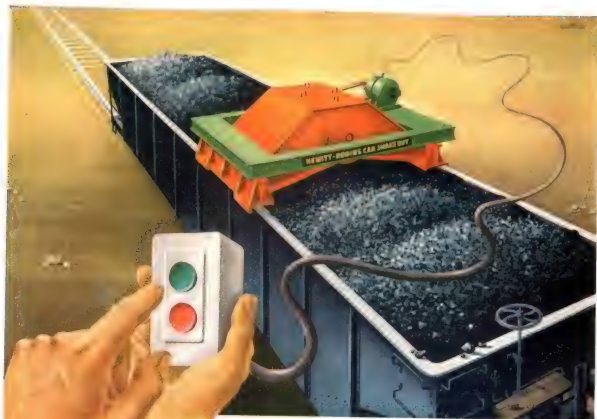
A. Aubrey Bodine—The Baltimore Sun
ANTHROPOLOGIST CARTER & ARTIFACT
The slopeheads came early.

First Americans

Anthropologists tell time in large, round numbers. When their clocks and calendars go wrong, their calculations go wrong in a big way. Man's arrival in North America, for example, says Johns Hopkins Professor George F. Carter, has been misdated by an interglacial age or two—a mistake of perhaps 300,000 years.

Until Dr. Carter corrected the anthropological calendars in the winter issue of the *Southwestern Journal of Anthropology*, most of his colleagues thought man discovered the North American continent late in the last ice age, 10-20,000 years ago. Arctic hunters, so the theory ran, followed game across the top of the world. They ranged southeastward from Siberia, carrying their stone knives at least as far as what is now Folsom, N. Mex.

After two decades of digging in the road cuts and river beds of Southern California, Anthropologist Carter has made a collection of chipped stone artifacts, so crude that even Folsom man would have sneered at them. Although they look like broken



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cobbles from some wave-eroded bench, Dr. Carter is sure his ancient stones were flaked and shaped by man. The broken edges, he says, are the result of sharp blows from primitive stone hammers.

To place the rude tools properly on a prehistoric calendar, Dr. Carter first analyzed the chemical content of the soil in which they were found. It dated back to humid-glacial times. Then he located the sandy terraces where California's rivers deposited their silt and gravel between the periods when four great glaciers moved south from the Pole.

As each glacier advanced, the sea level dropped. Rivers cut deeper into the soil, leaving distinct terraces along their flanks. When the glaciers melted, the sea level rose, but never quite as high as it had been before. After succeeding waves of ice, the coastline expanded still farther, and rivers cut deeper terraces as they washed toward the sea. Dr. Carter found his artifacts where the roads and gravel pits around modern San Diego have uncovered the terraces formed some 2,000 centuries ago, between the earth's third and fourth glaciers.

The early slopeheaded settlers may have crossed from Asia to Alaska even as the third glacier began to flow, thinks Dr. Carter. If so, they probably pushed south along a narrow coastal corridor while they hunted fish and shells. And, more than 3,000 centuries ago, they were squatting by their river camp sites, chipping the tough California rock into crude weapons.

New Wrinkles

"Audrey." Scientists at the Bell Telephone Laboratories have tried for years to build a machine that will "understand" human speech. First step was to transform spoken words into dancing patterns on a cathode-ray tube. Now they have built "Audrey" (for automatic digit recognition), an electronic telephone girl that

recognizes ten spoken digits, 1 through 0. Hooked up to an ordinary telephone, Audrey listens to a spoken telephone number and matches its digits against sound patterns in her memory. Then she flashes numbered lights to show what she has heard. Audrey can be tuned to one man's vocal manners and will read his speech correctly 98% of the time. When Bell scientists equip her with a larger vocabulary and teach her to recognize anyone's speech, they hope to put her to work as a telephone operator.

Canned Pump. In the atomic-submarine *Nautilus* (TIME, Dec. 17, 1951), the same heavy water that promotes the nuclear reaction in its atomic furnace will heat the boilers of its steam turbines. This stuff will be dangerous. Even the best modern pumps spring leaks, and the smallest leak of radioactive water would make the submarine's cramped quarters uninhabitable. Westinghouse now has an answer to this atomic-age hazard: a "canned" pump, with all its electrical parts locked tight in stainless steel. The whole pump is buried in the water pipe, needing no seals or packing that can leak. One such buried pump has been running steadily at full load for 13,000 hours (1½ years).

Sound Cleaner. Fairbanks Ward Industries in Chicago told about its portable "Electro-Sonic" washing machine: a foot-high aluminum cylinder with an electrical activated heart. The heart's beatings create sound waves too high for the human ear to hear. The waves ripple through the wash water, driving soapy jets through the tightest-woven cloth. There are no drum or paddles to maltreat the clothes. The machine, says Fairbanks Ward, can wash its own weight (14 lbs.) in clothes at one time.

Grass Cutter. Well ahead of spring's burgeoning, the United States Rubber Co. announced that "Kem-Kut," its new chemical growth inhibitor (maleic hydrazide) can slow down a fast growing lawn for a whole season. Mixed with water and sprayed on the most aggressive turf, Kem-Kut slows cell division. The grass stays green but grows no more than it does through a normal winter. Large-scale application of Kem-Kut requires a power sprayer that few amateur lawn-tenders are likely to own. But, with only a hand spray, a man can slow up the grass around flower beds, trees and in other hard-to-cut places.

Super-Speed Camera. University of California scientists described their new camera that needs less than a three-millionth of a second to click off a single picture. Unlike conventional motion-picture cameras with moving rolls of film, the U.C. camera has two stationary strips of film and a bank of lenses. A thin mirror, spinning at 10,000 r.p.m., flashes the moving image from lens to lens down the film strips. As many as 100 snapshots can be taken in 1/120,000th of a second. Probable purpose of the super-speed camera: to photograph the luminous, super-sonic shock wave from the early stages of exploding A-bombs.



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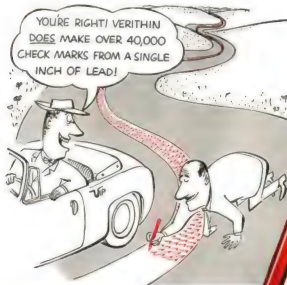
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MILESTONES

Born. To Lucille Ball, 41, red-haired comedienne of screen and television (*I Love Lucy*), and Cuba-born Actor Des Arnaz (real name: Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y De Acha III), 35: their second child, first son; in Hollywood. Name: Desiderio Alberto IV. Weight: 8 lbs. 9 oz. (see RADIO & TV).

Married. Henry Junkins ("Bob") Topping, 39, nightclubbing tin-plate heir; and brunette Mona Mae Moedi, 24, Sun Valley skating instructor; he for the fifth time (No. 4: Cinematress Lana Turner), she for the second; in Salt Lake City.

Married. Constance Russell Winant, 53, wealthy widow of John G. Winant, onetime ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and breeder of blue-blooded show terriers; and retired Navy Captain Marion Eppley, 69, wartime staff officer with Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz and president of the Eppley Laboratory (precision measuring instruments) in Newport, R.I.; both for the second time (his first: the late Ethelberta Russell Eppley, sister of the bride), in Manhattan.

Died. Douglas Chandor, 55, wealthy portraitist of the high-ranked and high-born; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Weatherford, Texas. British-born Artist Chandor painted the Prince of Wales (now Duke of Windsor), Queen Marie of Rumania, President Hoover and his Cabinet, President Roosevelt (in 1935 and again a month before his death), Eleanor Roosevelt (the only painting she ever permitted), Winston Churchill (bought by Bernard Baruch for \$25,000, plus a sketch of the artist by the posing Churchill), Queen Elizabeth and some 300 others.

Died. Richard Ranney Adams, 58, president since 1945 of Grace Line (one of the first and biggest U.S.-Latin America shippers—23 vessels), authority on ship design and construction; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Manhattan.

Died. Winchester Bennett, 75, retired president, grandson of the founder (Oliver Winchester) of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; in Boynton Beach, Fla.

Died. Sir Edward Marsh, 80, scholar, bachelor, longtime (1895-1937) British civil servant, who became known as "Whitehall's perfect private secretary" for his service to Churchill, Asquith, Joseph Chamberlain and Malcolm MacDonald; in London. Falling in with London's literary crowd, "Eddie" Marsh established a reputation as conversationalist, first-nighter, art collector, translator of the odes of Horace and the fables of La Fontaine, autobiographer (*A Number of People*) and editor (1912-21) of five volumes of *Georgian Poetry*. For his service to the Crown and to letters, he was knighted in 1937; by George VI at a ceremony he forgot to attend until he was phoned for.

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Sgt. 1st Class Einar H. Ingman U. S. Army Medal of Honor



THE REDS IN AMBUSH on the ridge had lain concealed, withholding their fire. Now they opened up. The two squads were trapped. Their leaders were wounded; others were dropping.

Sgt. Ingman took command. He reorganized the survivors, assigned fields of fire, encouraged the men to fight. A red machine gun opened fire. The sergeant charged it alone, neutralizing it with a grenade.

Then he tackled another gun. A grenade and a burst of fire knocked him down, badly wounded. He got up, reached the gun, and dispatched the entire crew. When his squad reached him, they found Sergeant Ingman unconscious—but 100 of the enemy fleeing in panic.

"Bucking the Communists," says Sergeant Ingman, "takes an awful lot of staying power. The G.I.'s have got it. You have, too, when you invest part of your hard-earned pay *regularly* in Bonds."

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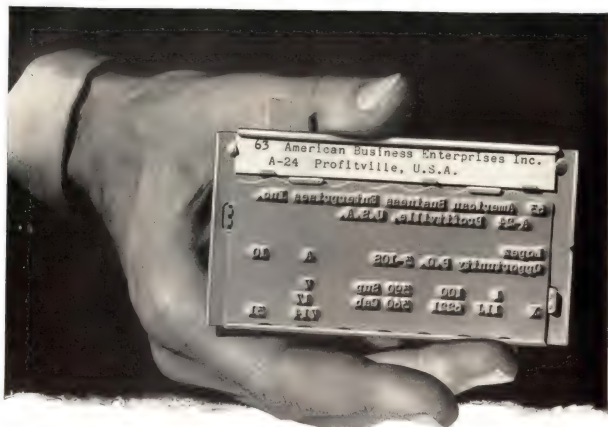
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AUTOS

Glass Ahead?

At General Motors' costly (\$4,100,000) show of its new cars in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria last week, U.S. Steel's Director Irving S. Olds stared thoughtfully at the Corvette. Chevrolet's shiny, white experimental sports roadster. Olds had good reason to stare—and perhaps to worry. The Corvette's body is molded of fiber-glass plastic, one-quarter the weight of steel but equally as strong for most products, though much more expensive.

To show the importance of the new sports-car trend G.M. unwrapped three other futuristic sports cars, also made of fiber glass. Cadillac's three-passenger Le Mans is only 51 in. high to the top of its windshield, 5.3 in. lower than standard jobs, and 24.8 in. shorter, partly by virtue of vertical steel strips replacing the usual horizontal bumpers. Its souped-up engine develops 250 h.p.† Oldsmobile's low-slung Starfire convertible has a panoramic windshield extending around and past the floor opening. Buick's 50.4-in.-high Wildcat, of black fiber glass with a green leather seat, has front-wheel disk hubs which remain stationary while the wheels revolve, their aircooled front-wheel brakes. Pontiac showed off a streamlined version of a landau, with pink leather seats and ceiling lining and a carpet of black broadtail.

Plastic Progress. Except for Chevrolet's Corvette, the fiber-glass models are showpieces not intended for immediate production. But some 300 Corvettes will be made this year. Although they will cost G.M. \$5,000 or more, it intends to sell them for about \$3,000—which, with bigger production, should bring a profit.

The industry has been experimenting with plastic bodies for 30 years, and many bugs must still be worked out. But the rustproof fiber glass boasts many advantages over steel. Plastic bodies do not require the expensive dies used in making steel bodies. Thus, it may be possible to turn out small numbers of sports cars in various models, give buyers more individuality in cars.

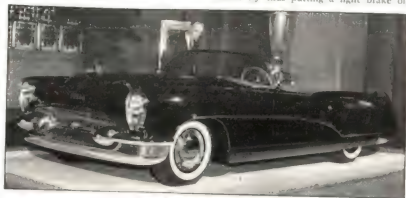
Sales Goal. G.M.'s splashy show was latest proof that 1953 is going to see autodom's hottest competition since before the war. In that race, G.M. is determined to regain the 46% of the total

U.S. market it once had. In a decade the percentage has slipped to 41% largely because of postwar metal allocations based on a period including G.M.'s 1946 strike. Acting President Harlow H. Curtice predicted that G.M. will boost its sales from 1952's \$7.5 billion to a new record of \$9 billion or more this year. With able selling, added Curtice, the industry can make 1953 a 5,500,000-car year, second only to 1950's record 6,600,000.

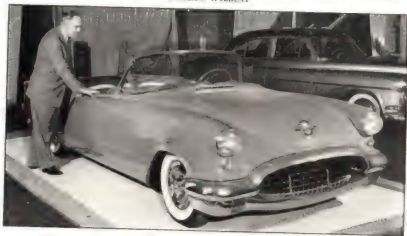
BANKING

Interest Up

After member-bank borrowing hit a 21-year high in December, the Federal Reserve Board last week approved the tightening up of bank credit. Eight of the twelve FRB banks immediately boosted from 1½ to 2½, the interest rate at which member banks may borrow money from them. By thus putting a light brake on



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Makins-Gorham

* No kin to the late Motor Pioneer R. E. Olds (Oldsmobile and Reo).

† Cadillac's regular models offered so much power (110 h.p.) that with one cautious eye on safety campaigners and a sly eye on snob appeal, it advertised "a serious and timely warning." The warning: "TREAD LIGHTLY—PROUDLY ROOL!" That great power . . . was not possible to enable a Cadillac to dominate the highway—or to dash into the lead when the traffic light turns green . . . If other drivers cover the honors at the stop light—just smile and let them go. They are first away by your courtesy . . . Just be happy and satisfied . . ."

if you're shooting for faster payroll figuring



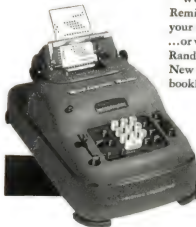
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borrowing, the FRB sought to tighten the money supply, thereby help prevent any further inflation. Bankers were surprised not at the boost but at its timing. Most expected an increase last fall, when borrowing began to pick up, instead of last week, when it was just beginning to taper off seasonally.

Although the FRB's interest rates generally set the pattern for the entire U.S., few bankers thought the boost would cause an immediate increase in the prime rate (now 3%) that banks have been charging on commercial loans. Actually, most bankers thought that the FRB action was to bring its rate more in line with commercial rates and to clear the way for the Treasury refunding of \$8.9 billion of 1½% certificates due Feb. 15.

COSMETICS

Beauty's Handmaiden

The queen of the U.S. beauty business' billion-dollar-a-year empire is a short (4 ft. 10 in.), plump woman of 71 with a youthful complexion. When she is at work in her eight-story Fifth Avenue salon, she is Helena Rubinstein. At home, in her 26-room, three-floor Park Avenue apartment, crammed with about \$1,000,000 worth of paintings (Matisse, Picasso, Dufy, etc.) and art treasures, she likes to be called Princess Gourielli (her husband is a Georgian nobleman turned businessman).

Last year, Helena Rubinstein Inc. sold \$18 million worth of creams, lotions and perfumes in the U.S., Canada and Latin America. Rubinstein salons and outlets abroad sold \$12 million more. That was not enough for Helena Rubinstein. Last week, in Roslyn, N.Y., she opened a new \$4,000,000 plant to put her beauty business on an assembly-line basis and triple her production. Made mostly of glass, it has dustproof floors, a sealed, odorproof room for testing perfumes, huge, stainless-steel mixing vats to churn up tons of cream and cologne, and machines to fill 1,000,000 bottles and jars a day.

While boosting her quantity, Helena Rubinstein still keeps a sharp eye on the quality trade. In her salons, women who can afford to pay \$25 for a "Day of Beauty" are stretched, exercised, rubbed, scrubbed, wrapped in hot blankets, bathed in infra-red rays, massaged, fed a lunch of 21 raw vegetables, then given a face treatment, pedicure, manicure, scalp treatment, shampoo and hairdo. But she candidly admits that most women can take care of their complexions with a couple of creams and ten minutes' daily attention. For her own skin she mainly uses a simple lotion, containing nothing but oils and herbs. It is the original cream which started her in business 50 years ago.

The Girl from Cracow. The cream was made by a Hungarian doctor and sold in Cracow, Poland, where Helena Rubinstein was born, the eldest of eight daughters. At 18, she went to Australia to visit relatives, carrying some of the cream with her; she soon saw that wind-burned Australian ranch wives provided a market. She rented a Melbourne shop, sold \$100,000 worth of

Shift to Cold Rubber

CHEMICAL PROBLEM...

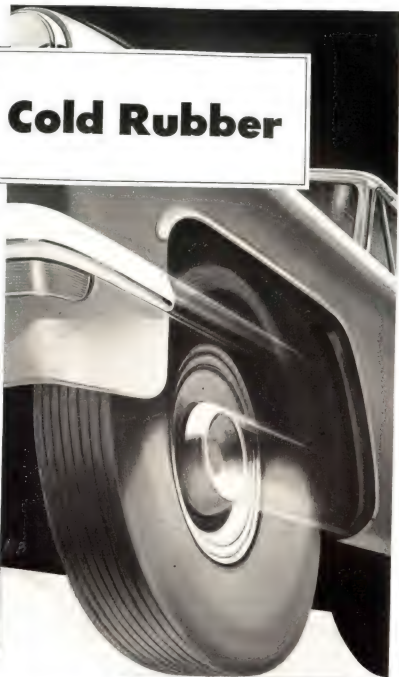
... automobile tires that last longer under the heat and abrasion caused by today's higher operating speeds.

SOLUTION...

... "cold rubber", so called because it is made at 5° C. Cold rubber production requires a special emulsifier to bring together its basic ingredients—butadiene and styrene—under refrigerated conditions. The emulsifier found most satisfactory today, as when GRS-10 was introduced in World War II, is Dresinate®—one of many chemical materials produced by Hercules for the rubber industry.

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Address _____



the cream her first year, and bought the Hungarian's formula. She moved to London, opened a second salon, soon opened shops in Paris and New York.

By 1928, her business was so big that Wall Street's Lehman Bros. paid her about \$7,000,000 for two-thirds of the firm, incorporated it, put its stock on the Curb, and went after mass markets. But, says Helena Rubinstein, "they thought they could do better selling everything for a dollar. They sold \$50,000 worth more than I had and still made less profits. Some women won't buy anything unless they can pay a lot. They were ruining the business." Since the market crash had meanwhile driven the company's stock from \$70 to \$3, Mme. Rubinstein was able to grab back control and make her company "more or less elegant again."

A good promoter, she provided something new every year. She put out a new Heaven-Sent line of colognes (with bottles shaped like angels), dropped 500 basketed samples on pink and blue balloons from Bonwit Teller's roof. She developed a friction face wash (Beauty Grains) for clogged pores, found that "homogenized" raw silk was a good base for make-up, and made a Contour-Lift Film designed to firm up the jowls (at \$5 a jar). Now & then, the FTC cracked down on her, ordered her to stop claiming that her Eye Lash Grower had any effect on growth, or that the egg content of her Egg Complexion Soap had any beneficial effect on the skin. She altered her titles to conform, but feared the FTC less than her archrival Elizabeth Arden, who paid \$50,000 a year to hire away Rubinstein's general manager. Rubinstein got revenge by hiring Arden's ex-husband to take his place.

The Glass Bed. Despite her years, Helena Rubinstein usually rises at 6 a.m. from her transparent lucite bed (which lights up like a neon tube at the flip of a switch), is always in such a hurry that she breaks into a trot in darting about her salon. Although she has made an estimated \$30 million as beauty's handmaiden, she still feels her selling needs constant rejuvenating. She noticed that the woman customer frequently bought two jars of cream—one for her husband. So she began a line of men's cosmetics and toilet goods named after her husband. With her new plant, she plans to expand Gourielli production (which now includes some items for women), is certain that men cannot get along without such products as her brushless shaving cream. It contains "amazing active ozone [releasing] vital oxygen . . . beneficial to tender skin . . ."

AGRICULTURE

The Domino Boys

As a Hereford show bull, H. C. Larry Domino 12th won ribbons wherever he appeared, from champion of Chicago's International Livestock Show in 1947 to reserve champion of the American Royal Show in Kansas City. Last week his owner, C. A. Smith of West Virginia's Hillcrest Farms, sold a half interest in Larry Domino to E. C. McCormick, an Ohio



HELENA RUBINSTEIN

For men, amazing active ozone.

insurance executive and owner of McCormick Hereford Farms in Medina. The price: \$105,000, the largest sum ever paid for half a bull.

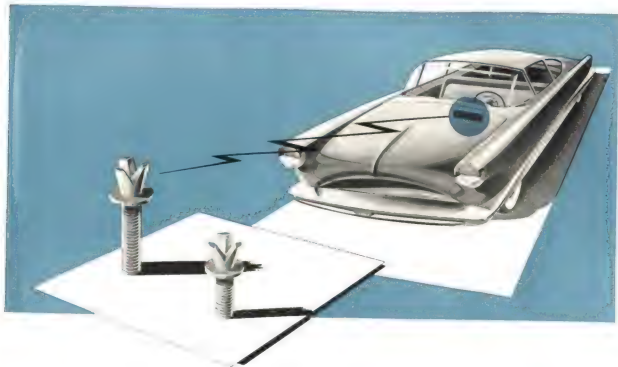
Half-Owner McCormick, who already owns Hillcrest Larry 7, one of Larry's sons, will share Larry's siring services with Smith. "It sounds like a lot of money," said an executive of the American Hereford Association last week, "but with that kind of breeding, McCormick might get his money back in one sale."

At Faraway Farm near Winston-Salem, N.C., M. W. Larry Domino 5, an uncle of Champion Larry Domino 12th, was also in



Jack Hanley

MR. & MRS. MCCORMICK & DOMINO 12TH
For uncle, a shot of cortisone.



How Townsend Helped A Manufacturer Save \$5,130 On One Small Part

In the automotive industry's constant search for new ways to improve products without increasing unit costs, they find Townsend's method of producing fasteners and small parts invaluable.

For example, the terminal posts shown above, which are molded into plastic blocks for use in the electrical circuits of autos, were formerly made by another method at a cost of \$3.00

per thousand. By the Townsend method of cold-heading and thread rolling, it was produced for only \$2.28 per thousand—a saving which totals approximately \$5,130 per year.

This is one of many typical examples of how Townsend, with a background of more than a century of wire drawing and cold-heading, saves money for all industry. We mass-produce fasteners and small

parts at less cost—often reduce assembly time as well because of improved design.

Others find it pays to have Townsend study assembly methods and fastening problems. To learn how you can reduce costs—improve your products, send drawings or samples of any items you wish studied. We will give you ideas and estimates without obligation.

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Plants: New Brighton, Pennsylvania—Chicago, Illinois—Plymouth, Michigan—Santa Ana, California.

This is under no circumstances to be construed as an offer of these securities for sale, or as an offer to buy, or a recommendation of an offer to buy, any of such securities. The offer is made only by means of the Prospectus.

NEW ISSUE

\$101,758,900

SINCLAIR OIL CORPORATION

3 1/4% Convertible Subordinated Debentures

Dated January 15, 1953

Due January 15, 1983

(to bear interest from January 26, 1953)

Convertible into Common Stock at \$44 per share on or before January 15, 1958 and at higher prices thereafter, such prices being subject to adjustment under certain circumstances.

The Company is offering these Debentures for subscription to the holders of its Common Stock in which Subscription Warrants are being issued as more fully set forth in the Prospectus. The Warrants will expire at 3:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time on January 26, 1953.

Subscription Price 100%

During and after the subscription period, the several Underwriters may offer Debentures, all as more fully set forth in the Prospectus.

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from the undersigned only in those States in which the undersigned may legally offer these securities in compliance with the securities laws of the respective States.

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January 12, 1953

Big News About Public Seating—

NEW, HEAVY-DUTY VINYL UPHOLSTERY

NOW MAKES

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● Now—at no extra cost—all uphstered Samson Folding Chairs for public seating are covered in heavy-duty Samson vinyl, 50% stronger than vinyl material made for home use!



Write for free booklet—"How To Save Money On Public Seating." Ask your local Samson public seating distributor about special low prices on quantity purchases; or write us direct.



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1953 WARNING

from The Wall Street Journal

During the next three months, you will need to keep up to the minute on news affecting your future and the future of your business.

Because the reports in The Wall Street Journal come to you DAILY, you get quick warning of any new trend that may affect your income. You get the facts in time to protect your interests or to grasp a new profit-making opportunity. To assure speedy delivery nationally, The Journal is printed daily in four cities—New York, Chicago, Dallas and San Francisco. You are promptly informed on new developments regarding Government Controls, Prices, Taxes, Consumer Buying, Inventories, Financing, Production Trends, Commodities, Securities, Marketing and New Legislation.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$20 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for \$6 (in U.S. and Possessions). Just send this ad with check for \$6. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad Street, New York 4, N.Y. T 1-26



fits the assorted pieces of the news together to bring you, each week, a full, clear and reliable news picture

the news. Owner Donald A. (for nothing) Leach, a former adman now in the breeding business, had bought him in 1951 for "more than \$10,000 and less than \$25,000," and trucked him from Texas to North Carolina. But Larry began showing signs of listlessness and lameness in one leg. Leach's veterinarian, Dr. James T. Dixon, diagnosed Larry's ills as rheumatoid arthritis. While Larry lost weight—and his interest in heifers—Leach persuaded a friend at Merck & Co., Inc. to send him thirty-six 500-mg. bottles of cortisone.

After only two shots, said Leach, Larry kicked up his heels—and cocked his eyes around the pasture "the way bulls do when they are looking for heifers." The next day Larry kicked down his fence, and in a month he had regained all his lost weight and his interest in his career. The seeming cure was the first reported after the use of cortisone in bulls. Last week Larry was servicing two to three cows a day; since his recovery he has sired 15 calves.

RETAIL TRADE

Apartments, Sixth Floor

In Philadelphia's Gimbel Bros. department store last week, a customer asked a salesclerk: "Where do you sell apartments?" Without batting an eye, the clerk directed her to the sixth floor, where Gimbel's did indeed have apartments for sale, the first department store in the U.S. to pull such a merchandising stunt. They were in a 14-story, \$3,200,000 cooperative housing project to be built by the Peoples Bond & Mortgage Co. with FHA assistance, near Rittenhouse Square.

Gimbel's had on display full-scale models of apartment layouts, two-room kitchenettes to four rooms. The first day, the store took deposits on 65 apartments priced from \$13,000 to \$32,350, and by week's end it had sold 250 out of the 299 in the proposed building. Said Gimbel's boss Arthur Kaufmann: "One of the most amazing responses . . . in the history of merchandising . . ."

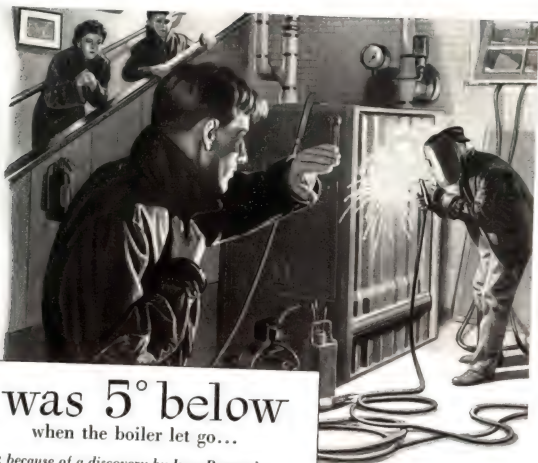
PERSONNEL

Openings for Young Men

When is a top executive too old for his job? Inland Steel's 66-year-old Chairman Edward L. Ryerson, who holds directorships in five other companies, answered the question last week by resigning from one of them to open "opportunity for younger men." Ryerson, quitting the board of Chicago's Northern Trust Co., said his action was part of his plan for "gradual retirement" from his other directorships and finally from Inland.

"You hear it said," explained Ryerson, "that business needs the wisdom of older men . . . It is desirable [when] the older man's judgment is sound . . . [But] I have seen many cases . . . where a man's judgment has not kept pace with the times. Since the individual cannot recognize the signs of age in his own case . . . arbitrary provision for retirement . . . is the only feasible solution . . ."

Many Chicagoans thought Ryerson was



It was 5° below when the boiler let go...

*But because of a discovery by Inco Research,
the radiators were soon hot again*

"It looked like a long cold spell for the Fergusons. That's what they told me when they phoned that their furnace had let go.

"It did look that way. And there's no doubt it would have been pretty serious in the Nineteen Thirties. But things are different now.

"I'm an old time welder, and in those days we had good reason to hate any repair job on cast iron. In fact, I'd have told the Fergusons to order a new boiler and move out until it arrived.

"We used to think cast iron was much too brittle to weld. No matter how careful we were to heat it and cool it slowly, ten chances to one the metal would crack or pull apart.

"I used to ask myself, 'Why doesn't someone make a welding rod that can really weld cast iron?'

"Then International Nickel research engineers learned how. They discovered that with just the right

amount of Nickel, they could make the kind of electrode we old timers needed. They called it Ni-Rod '55.'

"With Ni-Rod '55,' I was able to mend the Fergusons' boiler easily, right as it stood and without tearing it apart. You can see how much this meant to the Fergusons. Of course, I had to make sure I used the right welding procedure."

You probably would be surprised to learn how many repairs welders make today on cast iron, with Ni-Rod "55." As a result of this one International Nickel research discovery, many thousands of dollars worth of cast iron machinery has been saved from the junk pile.

International Nickel's research is responsible for scores of discoveries in other fields, too. Only when you see

them, you probably do not recognize them as miracles based on metal. You identify them as jet planes, or modern wonder drugs—or even the living image in your television set.

But it is "Your Unseen Friend," Inco Nickel, that helps make them possible—Nickel in some form, some alloy, some mixture of metals that came out of a crucible after months and years of research in one of the Inco laboratories.

Inco research enables Nickel to serve you more efficiently, to make your life more comfortable and more secure.

How deep is a mine?

How large is a mill? How many thousands of electric cells are needed to refine pounds of Nickel from tons of ore? Ore brought up from a mile down? In all International Nickel operations—mining, milling, refining—production is at a high. And back of that production is an amazing story. Read it: read *The Romance of Nickel*. Free. Write to The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 2b, New York 5, N. Y.



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for Home and Office Use

VOCATRON

U. S. & Foreign Patents Pending

JUST PLUG IN...

TALK OR LISTEN

You can move VOCATRON from place to place as simply as a light lunch box... plug it into any standard 105-120 volt AC or DC outlet and talk through your lighting circuits. Can even be used between separate buildings served by the same transformer. Needs no extra wiring or installation of any kind—weighs only 3½ lbs., and uses less electricity than an ordinary light bulb.

You'll find VOCATRON amazingly versatile. Keep in constant touch with your entire establishment, as though you were in several places at once. Saves time, steps, cuts costs. Fixed transmit position makes VOCATRON ideal "baby sitter" or sick room "nurse." See VOCATRON, today, at your local radio, appliance, office supply, or department store. Or return coupon below for descriptive folder.

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IS ALREADY WIRED
FOR VOCATRON**

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STATE.....

giving a gentle hint to his fellow bank director, Montgomery Ward's 79-year-old Chairman Sewell Avery. If so, the dig did not bother Avery, but it did stir up an argument among other elderly Chicago business leaders. Said Wilson & Co.'s 84-year-old Chairman Thomas E. Wilson: "I suppose if a 66-year-old man thinks he is old, that's his opinion. Personally, I think it is much too young to retire." Snorted 86-year-old Real Estate Man John E. Scully: "Better wear out than rust out!" But Swift & Co.'s 68-year-old Chairman Harold Swift agreed with Ryerson: "The only reason I am remaining in the business is because I am the last of six sons of my father. I am still heading the company because the employees want me to." Snapped Zenith Radio's tough, 62-year-old President Eugene MacDonald Jr.: "If [Ryerson] wants to retire, then it's time to retire." Grinning slyly, 93-year-old Meat Packer Oscar Mayer, still running his own company, said: "He should retire. That's not too young—for a banker."

CORPORATIONS

The Horse Traders

At Santa Anita one night in 1947, horse fanciers and some of Hollywood's top stars looked down on a spotlighted auction ring for a notable equine event. On the block was the first lot of thoroughbreds from Cinemogul Louis B. Mayer's famed stable. As the sale began, L.B. jokingly whispered in the ear of Announcer Humphrey S. Finney: "I found Clark Gable as an extra and converted him into the biggest thing in pictures. Now I'm going to convert Finney into the biggest salesman in the horse business."

Thanks to the sale's Hollywood-like showmanship, prices soared to unheard-of highs: Harry Warner paid \$200,000 for Stepfather and \$135,000 for Honeymoon. In that and four subsequent sales, the Mayer horses were sold for \$4,500,000, the biggest sum ever racked up by Finney as announcer (i.e., sale manager) for New York's Fasig-Tipton Co.

Last week Mayer's predictions came true. As control of Fasig-Tipton Co., the biggest private auctioneer in the horse business, passed to new owners,* Humphrey Finney became executive vice president and general manager. He will continue as announcer (an official who works with an auctioneer at horse sales).

Corraling the Market. Fasig-Tipton was started 50 years ago by William B. Fasig, who later took in Edward Tipton. They were horse traders who for years ran the sales of trotters and pacers in Manhattan's old Madison Square Garden. The company corralled the running-horse market in 1917, when it signed an agreement with most of the nation's leading breeders giving it sole rights to sell their

* In a \$200,000 deal, Virginia's Gilpin family, which has controlled the company since 1943, agreed to sell most of its stock to a group including Mrs. E. C. ("Liz") Whitney. Person, banker John W. Hanes and financier Whitney Stone.



STEELMAN RYERSON
How old is too old?

horses. In return, Fasig-Tipton built stalls, sales paddocks and other installations at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., thereby making the yearling sales at the spa the most famed in the U.S.

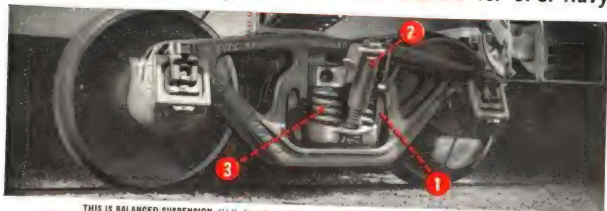
In the past 35 years, Fasig-Tipton has auctioned stock for everyone in the horse set from the Vanderbilts to the Aga Khan, at an average fee of about 5% of the sale price. Among the biggest prizewinners it has handled: Battlefield, which went for \$4,500 and has already earned \$430,000; Alsab, which sold for a paltry \$700 and earned Owner Mrs. Albert Sabath \$350,000; and Man of War, the equine immortal which went for \$5,000 and racked up a gross track income of \$249,465.

Auctioning horses requires as much



ANNOUNCER FINNEY
Who'll say \$200,000?

Selected to carry **AMMUNITION** for U. S. Navy



THIS IS BALANCED SUSPENSION. (1) U-shaped, pendulum-type hangers permit shock absorbing lateral motion. (2) Chrysler Design self-contained, constant friction snubbers work with (3) the longest travel standard coil springs to absorb vertical shocks and control spring oscillation.

Chrysler Design RAILROAD FREIGHT TRUCKS

offer better protection to all goods in rail transit

Already in wide use by railroads and shippers, now Chrysler Design Freight Car Trucks have been specified by the U. S. Navy for the delicate job of carrying ammunition and explosives.

Chrysler Design trucks are constructed on a completely new application of the fundamental principles of *Balanced Suspension*. They show reductions of 98% in vertical shock index and 95% in lateral shock index (AAR formula), as compared with standard trucks having coil-spring groups. Users report they virtually eliminate rail-originated damage to lading. Low maintenance costs have been proven in a combined total of over 40 million car miles of accelerated freight and head-end service.

These advantages are finding profitable use in such developments as the new General American-Evans' Damage-Free Box Car, where Chrysler Design trucks are standard equipment... as well as in all other types of railroad freight and head-end passenger train service. To railroads and shippers, they offer the prospect of a new day of faster, more economical rail freight.



One of 300 U. S. Navy ammunition cars equipped with Chrysler Design trucks and built by Pullman-Standard, Chicago

This development of Chrysler Design Railroad Freight Trucks is a natural outgrowth of Chrysler research on the fundamentals of vehicle suspension. Such work is part of Chrysler Corporation's continuous research into every phase of vehicle design. The value of this same research is reflected in the superior riding qualities of Chrysler-built cars and trucks.

Chrysler Design Railroad Freight Car Trucks are manufactured and sold by The Symington-Gould Corporation, Depew, N. Y., under Chrysler license. Chrysler Design Friction Snubbers are manufactured and sold under Chrysler license by the Houdaille-Hershey Corporation, Detroit 2, Mich.

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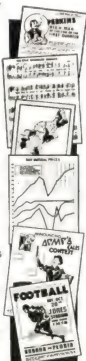
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The new Ditto D-10 provides the quickest, most economical and the most satisfactory way to make copies. It's ready for immediate use—no stencil to cut, no type to set, no inking, no make-ready.

It copies directly from the original writing, typing or drawing; one, two, three or four colors in one operation; 120 or more copies per minute; on varying weights of paper or card stock; 3" x 5" up to 9" x 14" in size.

PRINTS IN ONE TO FOUR COLORS AT ONCE

The sleek lines of the D-10 proclaim worthiness within. It has smooth, balanced action. It has wear- and corrosion-resisting stainless steel parts. With Magic Copy Control it prints each copy brightly. Sure and simple, it makes an expert of any user. Mail the coupon for a fascinating folder providing more details . . . free without obligation.

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() Please send literature featuring the new Ditto D-10
Duplicator and samples of work produced on it.
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know-how as bringing them home in front. The minute a horse is put up for sale, Fasig-Tipton's pedigree department gets busy compiling a dope sheet for prospective buyers on the horse's genealogy and racing record.

Announcer Finney works as a teammate with Auctioneer George Swinebroad, a 51-year-old veteran who can sniff out a bid almost before the buyer has made up his own mind. Finney is the master of purple prose, Swinebroad the maker of split-second decisions with the hammer.

Dog Race. In warming up his audience with a description of a horse, Finney speaks slowly and distinctly, well aware that many of the older members of the audience may be deaf and that the younger bloods, like as not, have just had four or five Martinis. Often when the bids hang after a quick run-up, Finney interrupts the proceedings with a little spice. "Come on, gentlemen," he will say, "you're surely not going to let this fine horse go for only \$7,500. Why, this filly is worth twice as much as the bid, just to breed, even if she never raced." (During the Depression Announcer Finney was equally reluctant to "let this fine horse go for \$30.")

British-born Finney, who came from a long line of Anglican parsons, learned about horses as a groom and stable boy. He is known for his ability to produce furlongs of equine statistics at the drop of a crop. But his technique is not all smooth talk. At one auction, a heckler who was scornful of the horses up for sale asked Finney: "When are you going to start the dog race?" Snapped Finney: "Just as soon as you can get in shape to run."

FOREIGN TRADE

Spending for Lending

As president of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, Eugene Black has lent \$874,187,000 abroad. But the more he lent the more he became convinced that the free world needs U.S. lending less than U.S. spending. Last week, speaking to the Economic Club of New York, Black called for "a fundamental and lasting change" in U.S. tariff policy. Said he: "Clearly . . . the U.S. should open her markets to the free world . . . It is my belief that no other single factor could do as much in the long run to strengthen the world economy as an expansion in American imports."

Black thought that what is necessary is "a nationwide campaign . . . to demonstrate to the American people that an increase in imports would be a gain and not a loss to the country, and that they themselves [stand] to benefit from it. [The nation needs] a new and liberal attitude toward imports, and not merely a reluctant acquiescence in specific tariff reductions. After all, every dollar that leaves the U.S. must sooner or later find its way back . . . What is required is not that the American economy should lose its self-sufficiency but that it should be willing to become a little less self-sufficient than it is."



*Six-months old glamour girl,
Kathleen Hickey of Morton, Pa.,
poses for Mr. Merow*

...65,000 kids...in three years!

Last year a man sent us an Ansco Reflex to be overhauled, said it was sort of run down after 65,520 exposures (*estimated*).

The Reflex was four years old. As most camera owners don't take 65,520 exposures in a hundred years, we became interested in Gerald E. Merow, of Malvern, Pa.

Working with a firm called "Childhood Portraits" Mr. Merow takes photographs of children at home... averages seven sittings (or squirmings) daily, a 12-exposure roll of Ansco Supreme film per sitting—420 shots per week, or 65,520 kids in three years!

His Ansco Reflex, bought in 1949 from Nichols Photo Service at Bristol, Pa., cost \$24 to repair, is still clicking merrily!

For fine cameras, Ansco's have always had remarkable stamina, and often outlast their first owners. Some are eighty years old and still in use. With every Ansco camera goes the assurance of lifetime performance.

And Ansco "all-weather" film provides the best possible pictures.

Started by E. A. Anthony in 1842, and now a division of General Aniline & Film, Ansco is the country's second largest maker of film, cameras, photographic sundries.

GENERAL ANILINE is also the largest U.S. producer of high quality dyes (*sold through General Dyestuff Corporation*)... and makes industrial chemicals, the Ozalid[®] facsimile reproducing machines, and sensitized papers... Indispensable to national defense and peacetime living, GAF is a company worth knowing, and worth watching.



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CINEMA

Squeezing the Critics

British movie critics have always appeared to take a special delight in poking fun—or just plain poking—at Hollywood's product. On occasion, Hollywood has foolishly struck back. One London reviewer, E. Arnot Robertson, was dropped by the BBC after M-G-M charged that her criticisms were "unnecessarily harmful" (TIME, Dec. 13, 1948). Last week the battle was out in the open again.

"**Stay at Home...**" Led by M-G-M's Sam Eckman, nine member companies of the Motion Picture Association of America last month withdrew their display advertisements from Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* and *Sunday Express*. "We're not going to spend another goddam penny," an *Express* official was told, "until you change your critics." Chief target was the *Evening Standard's* Milton Shulman, who recently joshed the plot of *Affair in Trinidad* (which contains some schemers fiddling with the V-2 rocket): "Launched from bases in the Caribbean, [the V-2] could destroy most of the major centers in the United States and presumably, with any luck, Hollywood." Also on Hollywood's list was the *Sunday Graphic's* Robert Ottaway, who wrote: "A mediocre lot of movies go the rounds this week... If I were you, I'd stay at home and catch up on my reading."

No sooner was it started than the advertising squeeze play backfired embarrassingly. Announced the Beaverbrook *Daily Express* (circ. 4,000,000): Since the film companies were discriminating against two of the chain's papers, the *Express* would also refuse Hollywood movie ads. The moviemen hurriedly tried, but failed, to get nonmember companies to join the boycott (snorted Sir Alexander Korda: "Disgustingly silly"). Meanwhile the American companies were losing out on valuable advertising, promotion and good will. Even Beaverbrook's competitors rallied to his side. The *News Chronicle*, denouncing "an attempt at dictatorship," gave "its full support... for the whole conception of a free press is involved..." Said the *Spectator*: "A really vital principle is at stake... This kind of pressure is completely intolerable."

"**What You Want...**" As the blows fell, Eckman & Co., still adamant, were uncertain about their next move. Still unruffled and unrepentant was the *Standard's* Critic Shulman. Said he last week: "I tell them, 'You confuse the whole conception of criticism. What you want is free publicity... but three-quarters of the films are designed for adolescents... When you put in an ad for Esther Williams in the one-piece bathing suit, you do it just to tell people it's there and available. Nothing I say will deter those people who just want to see Esther Williams floating on her back. But if I say it's a good film too, a lot of people who wouldn't go otherwise will go.'"

The New Pictures

The Stooge (Hal Wallis; Paramount) is the seventh and most subdued of the movies ground out in the last three years by the zany comedy team of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.* Stressing story instead of unadulterated slapstick, *The Stooge* plays it for chuckles rather than belly laughs. Dean is a song & dance man with an accordion and a swelled head, who is only a dim light on the Great White Way



JERRY LEWIS
He foiled the plot.

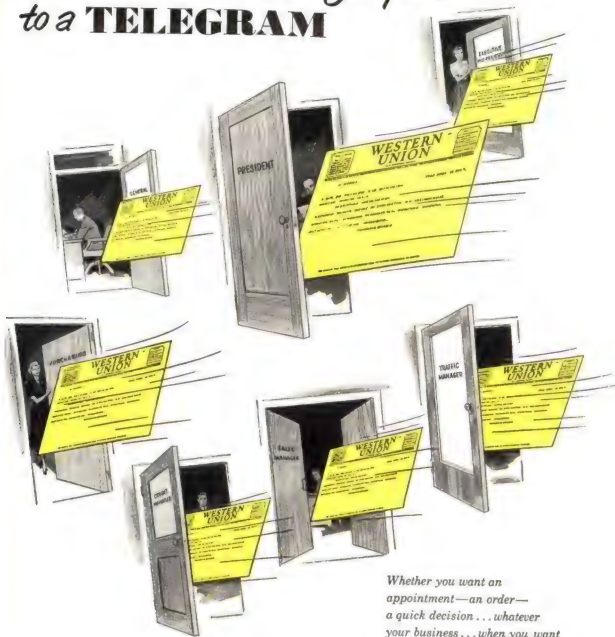
until lame-brained Jerry becomes his comic foil.

Co-authored by onetime Stooge Sid Silvers, the picture affords a few good glimpses of behind-the-scenes vaudeville activities. It also gives Dean Martin a chance to croon some pleasant tunes (*With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Yours*) of the two-a-day vaudeville era. But *The Stooge* is at its best when it ditchies its plot and gives toothy Comic Lewis a chance at his uninhibited mugging, e.g., bashfully kissing a girl for the first time, getting impossibly drunk, wrestling with a fold-up washbasin in a railroad sleeping car.

Babes in Bagdad (Donziger Bros.; United Artists), a film with a harem setting, is a case of boy meets girls. The ladies of the cadi of Bagdad's harem want to prove that women are the equals of men—and that each is thus entitled to a gentleman of her own. Led by Harem Beauties Paulette Goddard and Gypsy Rose Lee and aided by the caliph's dashing godson (Richard Ney), who believes in limiting his affections to "one woman

* Who zoomed in 1952 to No. 1 position as box-office draws, according to a *Motion Picture Herald* poll of movie exhibitors.

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for all time,” they strike a blow for Eastern feminism.

The result, murky photographed in a process called Exotic Color, is a harem-scarum movie featuring girls in Arabian nighties, goat's-milk baths, and raids on caravans laden with gold. The dialogue seems more Hollywood than Baghdad. Sample: “Sire, I have uncovered such crimes as will tear this town wide open.”

Girls in the Night (Universal-International) are all belles of New York's squalid Lower East Side: pretty Hannah (Patricia Hardy), brassy Georgia (Joyce Holden) and “ugly” Vera (Jacqueline Greene). Spurred on by jealousy of the other two girls, Vera tries to frame them for a murder committed by her boy friend (Don Gordon). At the fadeout, the real killer has been electrocuted on high-voltage



JOYCE HOLDEN
All the belles were bossy.

wires after a helter-skelter chase along the waterfront, and things are looking rosier for Hannah, Georgia and their boy friends.

Girls in the Night has an intermittent hard look and some fast gab. It hints at the violence of its theme in several harsh sequences and in the performance of Don Gordon as a street fighter. But only rarely does the real tawdriness of its subject come across. With its trumped-up melodrama, the movie is just another undernourished thriller about underprivileged youngsters.

Castle in the Air (Associated British Pathé: Stratford Pictures Corp.) is the pleasant sort of camera romp that the British do so frequently and so well. The action takes place in an ancient, crumbling Scottish edifice that is “held up only



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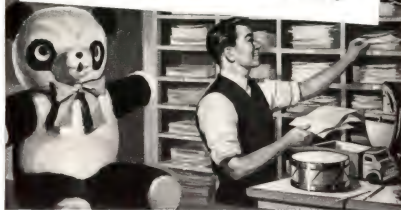
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TIME, JANUARY 26, 1953

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by the ivy." Among its occupants: the impoverished 14th Earl of Locharne (David Tomlinson), who has lost just about everything but his sense of humor; an eccentric, kilt-clad dame (Margaret Ruth-erford), who is bent on establishing the earl as the rightful sovereign of Scotland; a National Coal Board man (Brian Oul-ton), who is assigned to commandeer the castle as a hostel for miners. The plot is thickened by a wealthy American widow (Barbara Kelly), who is out to buy the castle, and by a pretty blonde ghost named Ermytrude (Patricia Dainton), who was the mistress of the earl's grandfather.

The proceedings are as lighthearted as they are lighthearted. Because the castle is in such an appalling state of disrepair and lacks central heating, Ermytrude has to haunt it in a muffler. But the other characters pay little attention to her. "A nice little thing," observes one of them, "but rather pale." *Castle in the Air* is a nice little thing, too, and anything but pale.

Also Showing

Meet Me at the Fair (Universal-Inter-national) spins a plot that is as insubstantial and as highly colored as cotton candy. It is a sentimental tale of a runaway orphan (Chet Allen), a singing medicine man (Dan Dailey), and a beautiful welfare worker (Diana Lynn). By the time the picture has run its course, the medicine man and welfare worker, who are about to be married, have adopted the orphan and his dog, and have also put to rout a pack of crooked politicians responsible for lamentable conditions at the orphanage. Spotting this confection at intervals are some pleasant old songs, e.g., *Oh, Suzanna* and *Al God's Chillin' Get Wings*, pleasantly sung by Dailey, Chet Allen and "Scat Man" Crothers.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Little World of Don Camillo. A film version of Giovannino Guareschi's bestselling novel about a militant parish priest and a Communist mayor; with France's Fennel, Italy's Gino Cervi (TIME, Jan. 10).

Moulin Rouge. Director John Huston's exuberant film biography of French Painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; with José Ferrer (TIME, Jan. 5).

The Member of the Wedding. Carson McCullers' poetic play about a twelve-year-old girl's growing pains, with Julie Harris, Ethel Waters and Brandon de Wilde in their original Broadway parts (TIME, Dec. 29).

Come Back, Little Sheba. William Inge's Broadway hit about two mismatched people faithfully transferred to the screen; with Burt Lancaster, Shirley Booth (TIME, Dec. 29).

Forbidden Games. A small French masterpiece that looks at a grownup's warring world through the realistic eyes of a child (TIME, Dec. 31).

Hans Christian Andersen. Producer Sam Goldwyn's lavish musical fairy tale about Denmark's great spinner of fairy tales; with Danny Kaye, French Ballerina Jeanne Marie (TIME, Dec. 1).

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BOOKS

The Boom in Busts

The road to ruin in the publishing business is strewn with unsold copies of good books and the bones of the publishing-house editors who picked them. Nowadays, the most successful editors are often non-literary chaps with a well-developed knack for betting right on the question: What will the most readers buy? For early 1953, the experts are betting on historical novels.

First-rate historicals are still being published, e.g., Edith Simon's *The Golden Hand* and Alfred Duggan's *The Little Emperors* (see below). But that many readers want them that good is doubtful. The big demand is for the kind of historical that neither engages the mind nor disturbs the emotions, at least not the higher ones. The historicals getting the big promotion buildups this winter have the competent and predictable plots, the busy heroines, the mixture of sex and violence that challenges the movies and television.

Promised, or already on hand this season, are books from such old bellringers as Frank Slaughter, F. Van Wyck Mason, James Street and Rosamond Marshall (see below). And in March, famed Violinist Albert Spalding will fiddle his way into the act with his publishers' announce, "an absorbing and richly patterned evocation of a gaudy era of passion and plot, deceit and beauty." Author Spalding's hero, an 18th century Italian violinist who loved dangerously.

Bureaucrat in a Bog

THE LITTLE EMPERORS (255 pp.)—Alfred Duggan—Coward-McCann (\$3).

One dark, wet night A.D. 406, Caius Sempronius Felix, civil governor of Roman Britain, sat shivering all alone in a Hertfordshire bog with only a poor man's cloak against the wind, and wondered how in the world he had come to such a pass. The novelized story of Felix's fall, as told by Britain's Alfred Duggan in *The Little Emperors*, is the story of the fall of the Roman Empire in Britain.

In the year 405, Roman rule in Britain seemed as placid and secure as it had been 200 years before. True, the garrisons in the north had been withdrawn to Londinium (London) some years before, but then there had been no real enemies for them to fight. Also, the authority for Wales and most of the west country had been delegated to the barbarian federated kings, but they were loyal, even if they paid no taxes, and only small tribute.

Milk the Merchants. Taxes, in fact, had, as they increased, become increasingly hard to collect, as Felix, whose responsibility they were, had cause to know. Confiscations were the alternative, and as a good bureaucrat, Felix issued an order to confiscate. After all, if he did not, the army would, and then he would have nothing at all for roads and public works,



NOVELIST DUGGAN
Caught in a falling empire.

instead of very little. Felix never actually built a road during his ten years in Britain, but he liked to think he meant to.

With the confiscation, more & more of the farmers fled to the camps of the barbarian kings, and lately there were just not enough taxpayers to support the administration and the garrison. Still, it was possible to milk the rich merchants and keep things going, always exempting one's friends and relations, of course—notably the Senator Gratianus, whose pretty daughter, Maria, Felix had thought it wise to marry. Still, these were just the routine troubles of dominion.



NOVELIST STREET
Stopped by a heaving bosom.

Then it happened. One night in December 405, the Rhine froze, and a German raiding party crossed. They found only shadow garrisons against them; the Legions had been called back to Italy to resist Alaric. The word spread, and by spring the unopposed German tribes had overrun eastern Gaul and were pouring west to the sea and south to the Pyrenees. Britain was cut off from Rome—and the Dark Ages were approaching on the double. But these matters were hard to sense fully in misty Britain. All that seemed perfectly clear to some of Felix's holder friends was that the Emperor Honorius in Rome had suffered a military disgrace—and that the imperial purple beckoned to the strong.

Be a Stoic. With the financial backing of Felix's father-in-law Gratianus, a young tribune named Marcus Julius Naso hoisted his standard in Britain and took the title of Roman Emperor. Title, of course, was not possession, but it was nice for a start, and Honorius was too far away to dispute it. But when the new "emperor" refused to play ball with Gratianus, the old merchant persuaded Maria to skewer him while she lay in his bed.

Maria enjoyed murder so much that she made a habit of it for a while. Felix, who had encouraged her to begin with Marcus, began to wonder if she might not end with him. His mind was set at rest, though his prospects were unimpaired, when another young soldier, Constans, killed Gratianus and Maria, and raised another "emperor" to the purple. Felix, of course, had to flee for his life, and so found himself sitting miserably in his bog, trying to be stoic about it all.

The portrait of Felix is surely one of the subtlest, wittiest and kindest of a civil servant in a long time, and the story of his reluctant, harassed but courageous progress through the murderous fiddle-dee of the year 406 is told without a word out of place. As an extra dividend, the book is clearly intended for reading as an oblique comment on the British character, and especially on the modern British bureaucracy. Author Duggan seems to suggest that, given a bowler and humpershot to go with his tidy, official face, Felix might patter along Downing Street without winning a second glance.

Duggan himself, like Felix a man in a niche (he is the expert on armor for the British Natural History Museum), is not one to discuss politics as such. But 15 centuries from home, he can utter a refined razzberry at some noteworthy blunders of the past.

Who Saw Land First?

THE VELVET DOUBLET (351 pp.)—James Street—Doubleday (\$3.50).

"I am almost sixteen," I said. "A man's age in Andalusia."

"I, too, will soon be sixteen," she said. "A woman's age in any land."

Historical fiction addicts should be able to take it from there. And James Street, a veteran drugstore romancer, will help them along, for he has studied *The Velvet*

(to those who are actively engaged in supplying materials and equipment to America's \$12 billion home-building industry)

This month, exactly one year after HOUSE & HOME was first published, there is much to report.

In the first place, HOUSE & HOME's circulation (106,526 ABC average net paid Jan.-June 1952) already leads all other magazines in the building field. But HOUSE & HOME's impact upon the industry cannot be measured by numbers alone. It is read by the *decision-makers* in the industry. And it helps them to make their decisions.

Included in HOUSE & HOME's readership is a high concentration of the 22,430 builders who build five or more (with an average of 24) houses each year. These builders account for 78% of all professionally-built houses and, clearly, they absorb a major share of the material and equipment which goes into America's new homes.

Only seven short months after **HOUSE & HOME** was first published, an independent research organization asked virtually every builder-member of the National Association of Homebuilders to name the building magazine they preferred above all others. Among all builders—including those who build only one

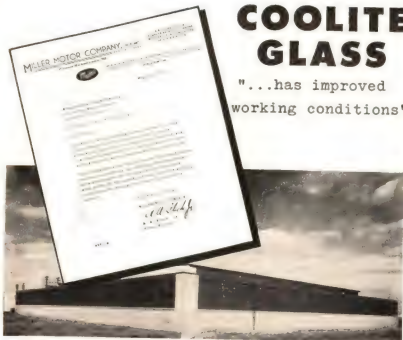
As with builders, only a relatively small number of material dealers control the lion's share of the market. A recent survey established that 35.6% of the material dealers who subscribe to **HOUSE & HOME** enjoy annual sales of \$500,000 or more. This is in stark contrast to an industry-wide average of 7.3% of all dealers who have an annual dollar volume in excess of half a million.

One of the major features—in fact a unique feature—of HOUSE & HOME is the strong influence it exerts in combining the high standards of the architectural profession with the production requirements of the mass-produced home building industry. Because of this and because HOUSE & HOME regularly and fully reports the outstanding examples of present day domestic architecture—both custom and mass-produced—it has won large readership and enthusiastic support among the country's leading architects. But that is not all. HOUSE & HOME has helped to bridge the long-time chasm between architects and builders—giving architects vast new opportunities and the country better housing.

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Rarely, in the history of publishing, does a magazine achieve such status as has **HOUSE & HOME** in the first year of its publication. As a natural consequence, alert advertisers have been quick to respond to the unique audience values offered by the magazine — **HOUSE & HOME** has already gained a first place position in six of the 14 categories of building product advertising. More than 300 advertisers have already placed campaigns in **HOUSE & HOME** and they report inquiry responses greater than even their most optimistic expectations.

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Lepe grew up at the end of the 15th century, when Europe dreamed of a sea route to India. He had been sent to a monastery, but his mind wandered. When he heard a geographer lecture on the mysterious oceans, his heart pounded. It pounded still more when he saw the luscious Jewish girl Maraela. And once the Inquisition had forced Maraela to flee, Lepe had no reason to remain in Spain.

So, after a long interval of historical filibustering, Novelist Street sends Lepe off with Christopher Columbus in search of India. The gaunt Genoese captain promises an annual pension of 25,000 maravedis to the man who first sights land, and Lepe is the lucky fellow. But his luck turns to wormwood when Columbus cheats him of the money. Embittered, Lepe settles in North Africa, marries somebody less fascinating than Maraela, and grows rich. At the end, Lepe earns the satisfaction of having a broken Columbus beg him for money, and a broken Maraela beg him for pity.

Both Spain and Columbus come off rather entertainingly in *The Velvet Doublet*, but the English language takes a beating. Novelist Street has chosen to write in a pretentiously archaic and gaudy style, which sometimes reads like a burlesque of Ernest Hemingway in his pidgin-Spanish phase.

James Street, who is best known for his rawboned bestsellers about the antebellum South (*Mingo Dabney*, *Tap Roots*), is modest enough not to confuse his merchandise with literature. "Those of us who write for profit," he once said, "must never forget that if we drink the punch we must make the pokes." The book business being what it is, Novelist Street is pretty sure to get another bowlful of punch for *The Velvet Doublet*.

Plroof

THE GENERAL'S WENCH (244 pp.)
—Rosamond Marshall—Prentice-Hall (\$3.50).

"What were men made of, that they could gaze at one girl with their souls in their eyes one moment—and turn as he was turning now, to the call of a blonde trollop?" Sabrina Horne's bosom (a prominent feature of this novel) was agitated by this question whenever she saw Sir John Templar, in a bedroom across the street, "take a running jump and land plroof" alongside Molly Quin, his doxy. To make matters worse, Sabrina was married to old Sir William Wakefield, "a spent candle." How, Sabrina wondered, could she escape from Sir William and join ardent Sir John?

So much of *The General's Wench* is devoted to bedroom doings that it easily gives the impression of being just one more piece of execrably written pornography. It says on the jacket, however, that Rosamond (Kitty) Marshall's real intention is to portray "the fabulously rich 18th century days of the East India



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Company . . . one of the most stimulating periods in all history."

Sabrina's worst troubles begin when she tells her husband that his impotence is quite intolerable. Sir William has been told this by two previous wives and has a rich 18th century answer ready: he locks complainers in a garret until they waste away. Then he buries them in the garden. Luckily, Sabrina does not waste away easily. She is still in fine shape when she is rescued by Sir John Templar's lawyer, who has forethoughtfully dropped poison in Sir William's rum. Indeed, the lawyer is so inflamed by Sabrina that he abducts her to



NOVELIST MARSHALL

After the whippings, a pit of lime.

Belgium, where he ties her daily to a bedpost and flogs her. Author Marshall's descriptions of these whippings seem almost pathological—until it is recalled that she is trying to portray the rich 18th century days of the East India Company, and is bound to take the rough with the smooth.

The General's Wench has a happy ending. Sir John arrives at the whipping post with his usual ploy. The lawyer falls through a trap door; his accomplice is dropped into a pit of lime. There was "an awful sizzling as Alfie began to cook."

A Tale of Two Dickenses

CHARLES DICKENS: HIS TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH (1,158 pp.)—Edgar Johnson—Simon & Schuster (\$10).

For all its 1,158 pages, Edgar Johnson's critical biography of Charles Dickens is the definitive treatment of Dickens only in the sense that a vacuum cleaner is the definitive treatment for a rug. Seven years of earnest scholarship together with access to much fresh Dickens material have enabled Biographer Johnson to pick up every fact worth knowing about his hero. As biography, his book is complete, conscientious and fleetingly dramatic. As criticism, it is a hotheaded fan letter posing



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as a balance sheet. Constant prose trans-fusions from Dickens keep the book alive, and for the rest, the author relies on a quality best characterized by Dickens himself as "enthoosemoosy."

Essentially, it is a tale of two Dickenses that Biographer Johnson has to tell. One is a 19th-century success story, the other a saga of personal disenchantment. Success came to him with a smash at 24 with *The Pickwick Papers*. It swelled with each succeeding novel and never deserted him as he launched into weekly newspaper editing, amateur theatricals and public readings. In the end, he became a kind of king-of-the-hill of Victorian letters. At his death in 1870, he left £93,000, in today's money something like a million dollars. But through the major theme of royalties and applause ran the compelling minor of his unhappiness.

Family Trouble. At the age of twelve, he saw his free-spending but improvident father clapped into debtors' prison. Young



Cutler

CHARLES DICKENS

A king-of-the-hill was disenchanted.

Charles did a five-month stretch of child labor in a shoe-polish factory in the Strand; years later, he could not walk past the site because it made him cry. In his early 20s, he was jilted by a flirt whom he had worshiped for four years. On the rebound, he married Catherine Hogarth,* a pouter pigeon of a woman who gave him ten children but small joy. This brood he later called "the largest family ever known with the smallest disposition to do anything for themselves."

"Why is it," he asked himself in the flush of his fame, that "a sense always comes crushing upon me now . . . as of one happiness I have missed in life, and one friend and companion I have never made?" At 45, when he met Ellen Ternan, a blue-eyed actress of 18, he thought he knew the answer. When his wife objected

* No kin to Painter William Hogarth.

to what was still, in Biographer Johnson's words, a "technically innocent" relationship. Dickens drove her to a separation while waging an acrimonious publicity duel with her family. But it took Dickens five years to coax Ellen to place "comfort before chastity." Their affair was blotted with self-reproach. Ellen did not really love him, and after Dickens' death she married a clergyman, and said to a friend that she "loathed the very thought of the intimacy" with Dickens.

Is He with Shakespeare? Biographer Johnson believes that Dickens was enormously self-willed but rarely self-centered. In his books and out of them, the great author fought the good fight against bad schools, bad prisons, bad laws and the bad byproducts of the Industrial Revolution. With Bernard Shaw, Johnson insists that this makes Dickens a social revolutionary. Lenin, for one, did not agree and once stomped out of a dramatization of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, because he could not stomach Dickens' "middle-class sentimentality." It is probably true to say, as other critics have, that Dickens had an alert social conscience; he knew what he was against, but he never knew quite what he was for—except the underdog.

It is in pushing his estimate of Dickens the novelist too boldly that Biographer Johnson finally falls through thin ice. Dickens was not overly sentimental, he insists; the modern age is simply too hard-boiled. Echoing Matthew Arnold on Keats, Biographer Johnson says of Dickens: "He is with Shakespeare." But Shakespeare's is the company Dickens rarely keeps. Shakespeare's characters grow; Dickens' characters only have Scroogian turnabouts. Where a Hamlet, a Captain Ahab or an Ivan Karamazov helps the reader to know himself, most of Dickens' fabulous folk reveal only their inimitable selves. They teach little, but, with the help of Dickens' beguiling gusto, they still make good reading and pretty good movies.

RECENT & READABLE

A Brighter Sun, by Samuel Selvon. The marriage and dreams of a pair of teen-age Trinidadians; a fresh and authentic first novel by a young West Indian (TIME, Jan. 19).

The Shipwrecked, by Graham Greene. The decline & fall of a genteel rotter who finds he is not unscrupulous enough to be successful; a reissue of Greene's little-noted novel of 1935, *England Made Me* (TIME, Jan. 19).

Michelangelo, by Giovanni Papini. A new biography of the great Florentine; vigorous, often argumentative, almost always absorbing (TIME, Dec. 22).

The Complete Poems and Plays, by T. S. Eliot. The 61 poems and three verse plays that have earned their author the right to be known as the most influential poet of his day (TIME, Dec. 22).

Men at Arms, by Evelyn Waugh. An increasingly serious satirist turns to World War II for a theme and a Christian gentleman for a hero; the first volume of a trilogy (TIME, Oct. 27).



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MISCELLANY

Checkup. In Toledo, shortly after ten men broke out of the Lucas County jail, a man phoned and asked: "Sheriff, has they caught any of us boys yet?"

Thwarted Foresight. In Harrisburg, Pa., L. U. Leslie, 58, retiring after 30 years as a newspaper reporter, refused to tell other reporters what the L. U. stands for, said that his parents, not expecting him to live after a premature birth, had selected a name they thought would look good on a tombstone.

Reunion. In Detroit, Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence Zaker were found guilty of "driving without due care and circumspection" after they broke off a heated argument, left home in separate cars, whipped around the block and rammed into each other head on.

Easy Does It. In Charleston, S.C., Construction Superintendent Alfred J. Patrick, the first man to build a home last year on a new development's Easy Street, was indicted by a grand jury for using his company's employees and materials to help him live on Easy Street.

Literally. In Fort Worth, thieves took \$114 from the office of the Jacksboro Drive-In Theater, where the feature showing was *Everything I Have is Yours*.

Hunter or Hunted? In Gonzales, Texas, Robert Lee Brothers ran a baffled lost & found notice in the local newspaper: "The hunter who left his shoes and shotgun in a creek bed in the George Barfield pasture can reclaim said articles if he tells me, if possible, what he was after or what was after him."

Crystal Clear. In Philadelphia, after Western Union Manager Stephen Stolarski dreamed of being held up, he arrived at his night job early, hastily banked \$1,000 in daytime receipts, was held up two hours later by a gunman who made off with \$800 in late receipts.

Petty Offense. In Danville, Va., William Petty of 712 Halifax Road, who complained that a man had thrown a brick through his car window, was told by police that they had arrested and convicted of malicious damage William Petty of 1328 Abbott Street.

Robber's Mite. In Detroit, Norbert Schroll, protesting to a gunman who had lifted \$56.10 from his wallet that he was on his way to church, got back \$1.10 and a growl: "That ought to be enough for the collection plate."

Nonstop. In Glasgow, Scotland, Barlinnie Prison officials called off the annual inmate-warden rugby game outside prison walls after a study of the records disclosed that eleven prisoners have kept on running when they reached the goal line.



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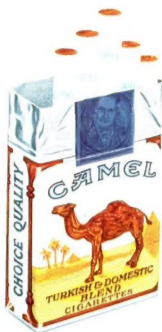


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